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The "Peculiar Institution."

REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: At the urgent solicitation of many friends, and with the desire that the citizens of the North may be informed of what reception they are likely to meet in the South, should duty call them thither, I have concluded to publish a more explicit account of my recent experience of mob law in Northern Alabama than the press has yet made known.

Some months since, an esteemed friend and well-known teacher, W. R. Ellis, Esq., of Kingston, Mass., received a letter from an old acquaintance, Mr. J. J. Giers, of Valhermoso, Morgan Co., Ala., offering him the position of Principal in an academy at Somerville, in his neighborhood. This offer Mr. Ellis thought fit to decline, but recommended me in his stead. September 1, I received a communication from Mr. Giers, requesting me, if I desired the situation in question, to visit the South at once. As I had been suffering for some time from pulmonary disease, my friends thought that a warmer climate than ours might prove beneficial to my health, and advised me to accept the offer. I started from Boston September 3, for Northern Alabama, via Charleston, S. C. Among the few passengers upon the steamer South Carolina, there was *one Boston merchant*. I made the acquaintance of several teachers who had taught in the South, and alluded in conversation with them to my prospective situation at Somerville, but cautiously avoided any reference to the subject of slavery. On arriving at Charleston I took the cars, and, after a tedious ride through South Carolina and Georgia, reached Valhermoso Sept. 15, and was received by Mr. Giers and his excellent family in the most hospitable manner. Mr. Giers, who is himself a slaveholder, recommended me to the Trustees of the Somerville Academy as a suitable person for Principal, and in a few weeks I was duly notified of my appointment. I entered upon my duties Thursday, Oct. 4. Friday morning I was summoned before Judge William H. Campbell on the charge of being an abolition emissary who had come to incite the slaves to murder and rapine, upon the evidence of the following letter:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 13, 1860.

To Col. Rather, Decatur, near Somerville, Ala.:

DEAR SIR: Although personally unacquainted with you, we take leave, on a question of grave public import, to communicate certain facts, which, in your discretion, you may use as you think advisable. In the present state of the political world, we hold that Southern men should feel their interests to be identical (as they are), and feel bound to do all that fraternal regard dictates for their mutual welfare and protection.

Yesterday, in conversation with a gentleman who had just arrived in our city, by the steamship South Carolina, from Boston, we accidentally procured the following information:

Our informant, *avowedly* "a Northern man with Southern principles," related that, on the voyage from Boston to Charleston, he had an "amusing fellow-passenger, a live Yankee," etc. In describing the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of this "fellow-passenger," our informant lightly touched on the slavery question. We naturally asked if he (the "fellow-passenger") was an Abolitionist. The answer was immediately given in these words: "*Of the worst sort; a regular Garrison, Wendell Phillips man.*" Also, that "he disgusted every one on board; and if he had not been very sick on the passage, would have been whipped before he reached Charleston." Upon inquiring where he was staying in Charleston (for we had heard enough to convince us, and really thought that the sea voyage back to Boston would improve his health,) we were informed that he had taken the train, and was en route for your town; that he is by profession a school-teacher, and was going to Somerville to take charge of your village school, under contract. We inquired his name.

Our informant here asked why we wanted to know so much about the man? We stated that we intended to write to some discreet and respectable citizen of Somerville, and through him, warn that community of this Wendell Phillips rascal. Our informant, for private reasons (connected with his Boston home, we suppose), begged not to be pressed any further on the subject. Knowing that if you were warned of this schoolmaster, and had a list of the passengers by the South Carolina (which list we inclose), that you would have no difficulty in identifying the individual, we allowed our informant, the "Northern man with Southern principles," to be silent on this point.

Any comments on this subject from us would be impertinent and in bad taste. We write jointly, because both joined the conversation, and were similarly affected by it.

It remains only for us to say that we hold ourselves responsible for any and everything herein contained. Should our apprehensions prove groundless, or should we have been the means of warding off danger from your midst, we, in either event, shall be gratified.

Very respectfully, CHARLES INGLEBY,
WM. S. MCCOY.

When the Judge finished reading the letter, there arose from the crowd a general yell of execration, with cries of "Hang him!" "Shoot him!"

As soon as I could make my voice audible, I demanded my right as an American citizen to be heard in self-defence, and offered, if opportunity were given me, to vindicate myself from an accusation so utterly false. The honorable Judge replied in the following language: "You are a G—d d—n black-hearted Abolitionist. You come from Boston, and that is proof enough against you. You needn't try to vindicate yourself, for you can't do it."

I requested him to send to Mr. Giers, and inquire for what purpose I came South, and ask the various negroes with whom I had ridden hours about the country, if I had spoken to them of freedom, or tampered with them in any way.

The Judge answered, "I know you have done nothing amiss as yet. You are more sly than your fellows in Texas. You want to insinuate yourself into the confidence of our unsuspecting people, by pretending to be a teacher, and then, by and by, giving our niggers strychnine to put into the water of the village."

When the Judge had ended, a young lawyer named Patterson mounted a sugar-box, and spoke substantially as follows: "Fellow-citizens, have you not heard of the horrible outrages in Texas, caused by the d—d Abolitionist teachers? Have you not heard of the plots in Talledga County, to poison the springs and murder our fellow-citizens, all caused by the d—d Yankees? And now, fellow-citizens, into our midst comes another of this d—n black-hearted crew to incite our niggers to deeds of violence. The enemy is in our midst—what shall we do with him?" (Cries of "Kill him," "Hang him," "Put him through.") "Yes, we will put him through." Then, turning to me, he said, "Go back to them who sent you here, and tell them we wish no Bostonian among us. Fellow-citizens, all who are in favor of this man's leaving this town in two hours, say aye." There was no vote in the negative. I observed, however, that quite a number abstained from voting. Though they may have thought that I was unjustly treated, no one dared to lisp a word in my defence.

After listening to other abusive and threatening language from the honorable Judge and the bystanders, and convinced of the utter folly of attempting to reason with an infuriated mob, I consented to leave town.

Much of the two hours given me were spent in vain endeavors to procure a conveyance for myself and trunk to Valhamoso. Returning to the village from my fruitless search, I was met by a mob headed by lawyer Patterson, who commanded me to open my trunk. Refusing to do so unless by legal authority, it was broken open. Its contents were thoroughly examined, and the sides of the trunk sounded for concealed drawers. My books were ransacked to find something of an incendiary character. The newspapers which I had wrapped about my shoes were carefully scrutinized. One of these was a copy of *The Boston Herald*, which was first taken for a Black Republican sheet, and when discovered to be a Douglas organ, was pronounced by the bystanders, "a d—d sight worse than a Black Republican paper." There was also a copy of *The Boston Traveller*, with one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, which, however, contained no allusion to slavery. The name of Beecher added to the excitement, but the climax was reached when they found among my letters, one written by the Hon. Charles Sumner in 1854. For a few moments I thought my time had come.

Taking what papers they thought suspicious, the mob left, cursing me with the foulest oaths that ever disgraced human lips.

On collecting my scattered property, I discovered that several articles of clothing were missing. What there was of an incendiary character about my shirts I cannot imagine. I trust they may have been the means of bringing clean linen into fashion in a region where, according to my observation, it is seldom seen.

I finally bargained with a person to convey my trunk to Valhamoso on the following morning, and immediately set out for that place on foot. Exhausted in body and sick at heart, I dragged my weary limbs, under a burning mid-day sun, over the rugged mountain road. I had gone about three miles, when I heard a hallooing behind me, and presently three men upon horseback rode up at full speed, ordered me to stop, and dismounting, approached me. One of them, who held in his hand a long leather thong or lasso, with a slip-noose at the end, said: "We are come to hang you, so now prepare yourself." I replied, "I am ready," and folding my arms, awaited the result. After the outrage and indignity I had already suffered, worn out by anxiety and bodily fatigue, I felt in the same passive state which a man sometimes feels on the deck of a sinking ship, when the last hope of escape has died out in his breast. The ruffians were apparently about to put their threats into execution, when the eldest, a man of fifty, cried out, "Hold on, boys, let's talk with him a spell first." Accosting me with the numberless oaths with which the Alabamians seem wont to garnish their elegant speech, but which I do not care to repeat, he asked, "What sent you down South to murder us all?" I told him I came by invitation of a slaveholder, and if they would go with me I would prove my innocence of any design against their slaves. This was received with jeers.

Finally, they said, "If you will confess the truth, that you come to stir up the slaves, and tell us who sent you, we will let you go scot-free; if not, we will kill you." I told them they could kill me if they pleased, but I should not perjure myself. As I remained calm, and evinced no fears of death, the villains supposed that I was armed, and commanded me to give up my pistols. When I told them I had no weapon of defence, they seized me and threw me into a pond of water by the roadside. The pond was one of those so common in the South—a mere bog-hole, abounding with venomous reptiles. I sank knee-deep in the mud at the bottom. The chief ruffian cut a large pole, with which he threatened to split my skull unless I attempted to walk across, well knowing that I could not extricate myself in the deep water. I refused to move, however, and at length my valiant assailants turned to leave me, calling out to me to go home and tell my Northern friends that they would hang any one who came down there. The ruffians were Charles England, his eldest son, and Thomas H. Morrow, son of the Postmaster at Somerville.

After a time I succeeded, God only knows how, in reaching the house of Mr. Giers. He was himself absent, but the Christian kindness manifested toward me by his family, at a moment when I so much needed it, will never be forgotten by me. As my assailants had threatened to burn down Mr. Giers's house if he sheltered me, word was sent to several planters in the neighborhood, who came armed with guns. I slept that night, for the first time, with a loaded revolver under my pillow, which weapon was given me by a noble-hearted youth, himself the son of an extensive slaveowner, with the advice to shoot the first man who should offer to molest me. Several planters expressed their regret that I should leave Alabama with so unfavorable an impression of their State, but could not advise me, under the circumstances, to remain. I left at once, and arrived at Boston Friday, October 12, about the time that the distinguished Alabamian orator, Mr. Yancey, was instructing the Bostonians as to their political duties, and depicting in glowing colors the beauties of that "peculiar institution," the debasing and brutalizing effect of which I had just been compelled so painfully to experience in the orator's own State.

Such is my story. All of the statements herein made I hold myself in readiness to substantiate. In all essential particulars my tale is confirmed by an article copied into *The Charleston Courier* from *The Somerville Democrat*, which gives a detailed account of the occurrence. To this article I beg leave to refer those who may be disposed to question the truth of my narrative. WILLIAM J. BREWSTER.

Boston, Oct. 17, 1860.

HOW ANOTHER SCHOOLMASTER WAS SERVED.

From The Boston Transcript, 14th.

There came passengers on the South Carolina at this port yesterday from Charleston, Mr. William C. Wood and Mr. Blodgett, a produce dealer. Mr. Wood, it appears, went South, for the purpose of teaching. He was a graduate of Harvard College. He was destined for Four Mile Branch, Barnwell District, S. C. He took passage in the cars from Charleston for his destination, in company with Mr. Blodgett. On the way, inadvertently, he expressed his preference for Lincoln as President. An individual was noticed intently listening to his conversation, and at the next stopping-place, where the cars tarried for three-quarters of an hour, he was waited upon by a committee, who questioned him as to his politics, but he declined to give them any satisfaction.

Mr. Wood thought no more of the questioning to which he had been subjected, and continued on his journey. On arriving at "Four Mile Branch," the place was found to be terribly excited, a telegraphic despatch having probably informed the citizens of the opinions of the new-comer among them. He was immediately waited upon by a committee, who told him that it would be impossible to permit his stay in the place, and advising him to leave as his best course. They, however, did not insist on his immediate departure, and offered to defray the entire expense of his return to the city.

Mr. Wood concluded that he would retrace his steps without delay. He experienced no insults in the cars, on the way to Charleston, except from a few rough customers, as an officer had been provided to protect him. On reaching that city, at the suggestion of his friends, he occupied apartments at the Guard House the night previous to the sailing of the steamer, that being the safest retreat during the existing excitement. The next morning an officer of the city came down with Mr. Wood to the steamer, and put him safely on board. The produce dealer, so far as we could learn, effected the object of his Southern visit.

THE COMMOTIONS IN TEXAS.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Oct. 14.

THE present commotions in Texas are in no way caused by an attempted insurrection among the blacks, nor by any collusion among the Abolitionists and negroes. Nothing of this. Neither is it especially a raid against the Methodists in that State, as the papers have generally told us.

I have recently travelled through several of the Counties of Southern Kansas, and there learned the most that I know of these matters. I was surprised to find in nearly every neighborhood families who are fugitives from Texas, and have lately arrived in Kansas, where they intend to remain, as the most accessible place that will give them protection. They are generally persons of middle age, who have left property in Texas, and many have left their families there, being obliged to flee for their lives. Those I saw were very intelligent, civil and gentlemanly in their appearance, and would seem the last persons to disturb the quiet of any community.

From these persons I learned some of the most cruel and heart-rending tales I ever listened to. In some cases they would equal any of the ruffian barbarities that have made our own history so memorable in the past. But a small proportion of these enormities have yet appeared in print, and in several cases I met with, it was the request of the parties that I should withhold the facts for a few weeks, lest it might be carried to the ears of their oppressors, and thus interfere with purposes they were still hoping to accomplish, relative to the recovery of property or friends. In nearly every case these fugitives have arrived without money—generally with hardly a team.

It appears that a large district in Texas—a dozen or more Counties—is at present under the espionage of the slave-king, who rules with a rod of iron. The citizens are thoroughly organized into District Committees, and all are expected to join them who believe in the *divinity* of slavery. All who do not swear by their creed are marked, hunted down by the Committee, tried by what is but a mockery of a Court of Justice, and often sentenced to death. Every species of false charges are brought against any one they desire to put to death, and no inquisition was ever more absurd or oppressive than some of these proceedings.

In Bourbon County I met a Mr. S——, who had arrived in the Territory some two weeks before, leaving in Texas his family and over $20,000 worth of property. He had always been an industrious, law-observing citizen; had a large store of goods, kept a hotel, owned 800 acres of valuable land, and 600 cattle. He never took any part in politics, seldom voted, but was a conservative Free State man. He was *no Methodist*, but a Universalist in sentiment. Such a man seemed an alien to the Commonwealth of Texas, and some plan must be devised to prove him an outlaw.

An old law exists in the Texas statutes, forbidding any person from trading with the slaves; but no one regards it in their neighborhood dealings, any more than the people of Indiana do the "Black law." Nevertheless, here was a hiding-place. So, a negro was sent to the store of Mr. S——, to sell a ham, and he unsuspectingly bought it. His foot was in. He was arrested—tried by the Committee, and condemned to be hung for violating a law of the State, and also for being an *Abolitionist*. He was not hung, but is now in Kansas, without a dollar of his money, and with no prospect of meeting his family again at present, perhaps never.

I also saw the wife of Rev. Thos. M. Willette, of Torren Co., Texas. He was a minister of the Methodist Church North, and had labored in Texas and Arkansas for several years. He was never regarded as a *radical* upon any question, but acknowledged himself to be a moderate Free State man. He had always been at peace with his neighbors, and was everywhere regarded as an intelligent, inoffensive citizen. Such Texas undertook to drive out or hang every *Abolitionist*, as they term all who disbelieve in the divine origin of slavery. Since last February he and his family have been driven from pillar to post, without a house or home. He was first taken and tried by the Committee and sentenced to be hung, but another Committee learned of the case, came to his rescue, and tried him again and acquitted him, on condition that he would leave the country immediately. He left, and went to Washington County, in Arkansas, where he had formerly preached, supposing that he would be safe among his old congregation. But he soon discovered that the same organizations, the same committees, with the same objects, existed there as in Texas, and that they were in constant communication with each other. He was, therefore, obliged to take refuge again in the mountains with his family, for they were in hot pursuit of him, and his life alone would pay the forfeit if taken. They covertly held communication with the "outer world" awhile, and saw the same steps being taken as in Texas to drive out and hang every one charged with abolitionism. They there resolved to find refuge in some free Territory, and it was agreed that they would start for Kansas. Mrs. Willette and her brother George Parsons started together in the morning, in a lumber wagon, and Mr. Willette was to leave in the evening, as soon as he could travel safely, in company with a young man, and they were to ride ponies. They were to meet at Fort Scott, and those who got there first should wait for the others. She had been in the Territory two weeks when I saw her, and nothing was heard of her husband. She was in the most distressing suspense, and could not speak of him without great agitation. It was her premonition that he was hung, as he had been so often threatened with that fate. He was an old friend of Rev. Mr. Bewley, whose death by hanging for the same offence has been widely published, and they were but eighteen miles apart when ambushed in the mountains of Arkansas. It was rumored that they wanted them both to take back to Texas as an example. One they have had, and I fear for the other.

After leaving Mrs. Willette I learned from a gentleman who had just been across the line into Missouri, of an incident that may or may not have application to the same case. He said that down some seventy-five miles in the State a man and a boy had recently been seized on suspicion and urged to confess their business and destination. After being choked several times, the boy at last told them that they were going to Kansas, and that the man had a wife there he was going to meet. "Well," said the Missourians, "that is crime enough anyhow, and we'll take him back for that, if for nothing else"; and he was taken back to Arkansas—it was said to be hung. They were both horseback, and I have great fears that we shall know no more of Mr. Willette alive.

Mrs. Willette was determined to never set her foot on slave soil again, she had been so tormented the last three years, and all who get away have the same feelings. She said they had not been permitted to take their religious papers—*The Christian Advocate* had been kept from them for months, and public sentiment forbid their holding the regular prayer-meetings. They could not assemble together as Northern people for any purpose, unless some were among them who believed slavery to be a divine institution. At present a Northern man does not dare to speak there, and they are fast hanging or driving away all they suspect to be unsound on the great question.

Their hatred is not confined to persons of Northern extraction, or who have recently emigrated to Texas, but it strikes at all classes and all ages. One case was related of a very worthy and industrious gentleman who emigrated to Texas many years ago from Illinois. He had opened a large farm, made valuable improvements, educated a large family of interesting children, had finished his work, died and was buried there on the homestead. His children had risen to fill useful positions in society, and were esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintances, as among the most respected citizens of the County. This raid upon Free State men commenced the past year, and they were driven from the country. They have even been banished from the grave of their lamented father for opinion's sake. Indeed, this is the "irrepressible conflict."

Every man and woman I saw protested solemnly against there being a word of truth about the thousand rumors of slave insurrections, burning of houses, fomenting troubles, and the like, by the Abolitionists. In some cases, it was believed, they had fired their own buildings to furnish a pretext for these false charges.

What, then, is the grand secret of this conflict, I asked? I invariably had the same answer from every fugitive I saw. It is, that the time is near when Texas intends to be divided into two or more States, according to the terms of her annexation. That the portion away from the Gulf is largely mixed with people from the free States, who prefer freedom to slavery, and the Slave Power wants all the strength they can get by dividing the State, but dare not risk the Northern portion, until it has been purged of all traces of her freedom-loving population. So they prefer to use the sovereign arm of the undivided State, knowing it has the power to wield any force that may be required to defend her idol institution. This power they are using to kidnap, hang, or drive into free territory just that portion of her population that they want to be rid of when the proposed division shall take place. It is not Methodism, but Republicanism that they war against. They combat every fundamental principle on which the permanency of our government depends. Even free thought is not tolerated, much less free speech. Here, then, at the present hour, is the fullest exhibition of the madness and folly that is slowly but surely bringing us all to the realization of duty. How long can such a conflict be repressible? Go into Southern Kansas, to-day, where these incidents are recited, and ask, how long?

THE STORY OF A CINCINNATI MERCHANT.

To the Editor of The Cincinnati Gazette.

CINCINNATI, Friday, Nov. 2, 1860.

An article in your paper of this morning, induces me to offer you the essential facts in regard to my recent experience in the South.

I arrived at Rome, Ga., Saturday evening, attended church and Sabbath school the day following; called on the merchants on Monday, and left, when ready, on the evening train. At this place much of the bitter disunion spirit was constantly revealing itself; and here, in *The Courier*, originated the article which proved a leading instrumentality in bringing on the trouble in which I became involved in Montgomery. At Marietta, Griffin, West Point and La Grange, Ga., all on whom I called acted the part of gentlemen.

I arrived at Montgomery, Ala, on Friday noon, 26th ult., and put up at the Exchange Hotel, one of the largest and most deservedly popular public houses in this country. At night I went to hear a speech from Senator Toombs, which was full of treason, and admirably calculated to arouse the most violent feelings of all who heard him, towards the people of the free States, and prepare them for the part some of them acted during the afternoon of the following day. I can give the substance of this speech from my notes, if desired.

This Breckinridge rally called to Montgomery an unusual number of the followers of Messrs. Yancey, Toombs & Co., who had no better business on hand than retailing the senseless falsehoods in regard to Republican complicity in the destruction of life and property in Texas (which Gen. Sam Houston says, in his Austin, Texas, speech, never occurred by *any* agency), indulging freely in strong drinks, and working themselves up into an earnest desire to take the lives of some members of the party they believed about to wrest from them the power so long held and so basely abused. Under these peculiar circumstances, one of the leading merchants on whom I called very imprudently questioned me in regard to my political views, etc., not thinking that he was kindling an excitement among those who listened that it might soon be impossible to control or subdue. Passing over incidents which, though of much interest, as showing the progress of mobs, the management of vigilance committees, etc., etc., would occupy too much space, we arrive at the searching of my trunk by members of the Vigilance Committee, the declarations of outsiders, intermingled with the most horrid oaths, that they would gladly shoot me down on the street as though a mad dog, cut me up with knives, and amuse themselves in various ways at the expense of my life, and pass on to the time when the members of this Committee, numbering thirty-five, and including some of the wealthiest and most popular citizens of Montgomery, who had me in charge, and the proprietors of the Exchange Hotel, became seriously alarmed for my safety.

During all this time the apparent danger which threatened my life seemed like a dream to me, though I saw evidence in the very looks and all the actions of those who sought to protect me that it must be real [illegible] my extraordinary composure, even when threatened with being sent to a plantation a few miles out, ornamented with ball and chain, to work in place of a slave that had escaped to Ohio, till our people would return him, seemed to enrage my persecutors. The scene of excitement my slavery would cause, which rose before my mental vision, was so ludicrous as to render it difficult to conceal my mirth. It was almost as amusing as the Montgomery *Advertiser's* description of my nose and whiskers.

But I must leave incidents, and hasten to a close. After hiding me away for some time, in an unfrequented part of the hotel, away from light, or anything to reveal my locality, and assuring the crowd of my innocence of "incendiary documents," with promises that the Vigilance Committee would give me my deserts, the mob reluctantly and slowly dispersed.

Mr. Hargrove and others, who were most active in securing my protection, advised me by all means to leave on the night train for some other place (allowing me to go where I pleased afterward), assuring me my life would probably be the forfeiture if I had the imprudence to stay longer. To this I, of course, consented, and they took me from a private rear door into a carriage, proceeded by a circuitous route to the neighborhood of the depôt, waited there more than one hour; left the carriage, and walked (two by one route, and two by another, to avoid notice) to the depôt; seated me where least likely to attract attention. One checked my trunk, and another purchased my ticket, which one of them brought to me; waited till the train was about to move, bade me good night, and departed. Respectfully, etc., S. STRAIGHT.

A MAN BETRAYED BY TWO WOMEN.

From The Boston Journal.

Another instance of intolerance has been brought to our notice. A young man named George B. Eddy, a piano-forte tuner, was sent out to Augusta, Ga., by one of our largest houses in the trade, at the request of their agent in that city. Mr. Eddy reached Augusta on the 10th of October, and entered the employ of a good Southerner. At one of the houses which he visited, he entered into conversation with two ladies, who appeared to have been instigated by some one to draw the young man out.

He expressed his preference for the Bell and Everett party, but said nothing to warrant the harsh usage which he subsequently received. His replies to the interrogatories by the ladies were, however, either falsely reported to the editor of *The Independent South*, a fire-eating newspaper, printed in Waynesboro', Ga., or were maliciously construed by him into a bold and defiant attack upon the South and her institutions. An article—being a tissue of falsehoods, with scarcely a statement of truth therein—appeared in the issue of that paper of November 7, which excited the public against Mr. Eddy, who received the following abrupt and compulsory notice:

"AUGUSTA, NOV. 8, 1860.

"MR. EDDY: You are ordered to leave the city immediately for expressing abolition sentiments in Burke County. Notice *The Independent South*, published in Waynesboro', where you will see the charge brought against you.

"MANY CITIZENS."

Mr. Eddy left Augusta on the 8th inst., by a circuitous route, in order to avoid any attentions which might be paid to him, and arrived in this city on Tuesday morning.

BANISHMENT OF NORTHERNERS FROM GEORGIA.

From The New York Tribune.

The steamer Alabama, which arrived here Nov. 13th from Savannah, brought about 24 cabin passengers, one-half of whom were banished from that city because of their Northern birth. One of these persons, John Devinney, has called upon us, and from him we gather some facts in relation to this new phase of the Reign of Terror. Mr. Devinney was in the employ of Harnden & Co., Expressmen, in Savannah, and received, on Saturday morning, a notice that he must leave the city immediately. A notice was served, at the same time, upon Mr. Coe, an employe in the same office, that he also must leave. Expostulations were useless; the assurances of both men that they had in no way interfered with Southern institutions, and had no intention of doing so, were not listened to for a moment, and they were threatened with immediate death unless they departed at once. As no alternative, therefore, was left them but either to face death or leave, they left in the afternoon of the same day. Their only fault was that they were Northern men, Devinney being a native of Philadelphia, and Coe of one of the Eastern States. The man who was most instrumental in their banishment, was one James White, master of transportation on the Georgia Central Railroad. This White is himself a Northern man, but, having lived for some years in Georgia, and become a slaveholder, he is so far trusted as to be permitted to prove his faithfulness by such villanous services as these. Three of the passengers on board the Alabama were a gentleman, his wife and daughter, who have resided in Augusta for several years. This gentleman is a physician, and the hue and cry was raised against him by one of whom he endeavored to collect a debt. This method of settling pecuniary claims is a favorite one in Augusta, as our readers will remember. This gentleman barely escaped with his life, and neither he nor his family were permitted to bring away anything but the clothes on their backs. Another of the passengers was from Lexington, Ga., but all except these four were from Savannah, and all were banished, without any other reason given than that of Northern birth.

EXPULSION OF A PRINTER FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

From The Troy, N. Y., Times.

A young man named Pasco, well known in Troy as a former employé in the office of *The Family Journal*, and a leading officer of the Printers' Association, a few days since left this city, and went to South Carolina, where he had been offered a situation in the office of *The Charleston Mercury*. When he reached there, he found it would be some days before the work promised him would be ready, and he was advised to go out to a neighboring village, where a printer was wanted, and where he could be employed meanwhile. This he started to do on foot. On the way he met two men in a buggy, and inquired of them the route. They asked him whether he was a stranger, where he came from, and what was his employment. He told them he was a printer from New York, and in the course of his remarks happened to mention that he had once worked on *The Tribune*. The men asked him to get in and ride with them, and took him before a Justice near at hand, by whom he was ordered to be locked up in a filthy cell as an "Abolition emissary." After remaining in durance 48 hours, during which time he was subjected to the most cruel treatment, he was brought out for trial. His friends from *The Mercury* office, who were present, represented the fact that he was not an Abolitionist, and they would be responsible for his good behavior. They were allowed to take him, on condition that he should leave the State in 24 hours, otherwise he was to be publicly flogged, and locked up and fed on bread and water for thirty days. Pasco had not said one word on the subject of slavery, or on politics in any form. His only offence was that he had been a New York printer, and had worked on *The New York Tribune*.

NARROW ESCAPE OF AN EDITOR.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that Mr. David Wentworth, formerly one of the editors of the Buffalo *Express*, recently started for California by the overland route. At Fayetteville, Arkansas, a few nights since, while the stage horses were being changed, the passengers commenced talking politics, and Wentworth participated. He said he regarded Lincoln as the best man in the field and should support him. He followed this observation with several other observations of a still more inflammable nature, when the landlord, who peregrinates on the half-horse and half-aligator principle, walked round David several times, and then said:

"Stranger, ar' you a Black-Republican?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just stand still till I look at you agin. I never saw one before. Eff the boys up stairs ain't too tired, I'll get 'em up, and we'll give you a coat of tar and feathers!"

Wentworth earnestly declined the generous offer, and as the passengers (who were mostly Southern men, by the way), interceded in his behalf, he was not troubled. Our informant is a gentleman directly from Arkansas, who was a passenger with Mr. Wentworth. Like "Iago," Dave "spoke no more."

SHABBY TREATMENT OF SENATOR DOUGLAS IN ALABAMA.—*The Southern Democracy* vouches for the truth of the following story:

"A gentleman, and a member of the Breckinridge party, informs us that he was present when Judge Douglas arrived in Montgomery from Columbus, on the night of the 1st of November. This gentleman says (and his statement has been corroborated by half a dozen eye-witnesses), that when Judge Douglas alighted from the carriage to ascend the steps of the Exchange Hotel, Montgomery, there were three rotten eggs thrown. The first egg struck Colonel Selbles, editor of *The Confederation*, the second egg struck Colonel Elmore, and the third egg struck the hat of Judge Douglas, bursted and discharged its contents in the face of his wife, who stood immediately on his left. These are the facts as detailed to us by several gentlemen who witnessed the disgusting affair. So much for Breckinridge intolerance."

AN ABOLITIONIST HUNG IN ALABAMA.—The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* of the 2d, says:

"A man by the name of Palmer, a daguerrean artist, has been detected at Opelika, Ala., tampering with the slaves of John Smith (T) and others, between Opelika and Auburn. He gave several negroes bowie-knives, and otherwise attempted to instil into their minds seditious acts. He was detected, pursued and apprehended, and the proof being positive, he is to be hung at Auburn to-day."

A Bell-Everett man, of Uniontown, Ala., has been flogged, for declaring that in case of disunion, he would shoulder his musket, go North, and fight against the South.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A LINCOLN VOTER.—The Alexandria *Gazette* says that on Wednesday last, at Fairfax Court-house, Va., a man named Gartrel, who had voted for Lincoln, was seized by a party while he was coming out of the Court-house, and carried a short distance from the village, where he was blacked completely with printer's ink, mounted on his horse, and started for his house in as uncomfortable a situation as one would wish to be in.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Nov. 9.—A Northern homœopathic doctor, residing here, named Thayer, having been charged with uttering abolition sentiments, was waited upon by a crowd this afternoon, and ordered to leave the city. Upon his refusing, the crowd were about proceeding to violence, when some citizens present managed to get him to the rear of the hotel, where they let him escape. It is presumed that he is safely out of the State.

THE SECESSION DRAMA AT THE SOUTH.

VAPORINGS OF THE FIRE-EATERS.

Message of the Governor of Georgia.

[Extract.]

I AM aware that the opinion is entertained by many, that the Southern States, in the event of a dissolution of the Union, would be in a worse condition than they now are in reference to the recapture of their fugitive slaves: as it is said large numbers would escape, and we would have no process by which we could recover them from any portion of the Northern Confederacy. This is a great error. In case of a separation of the two sections, and the formation of new governments, the people of the Northern Confederacy would no longer feel that they were connected with slavery in the South, any more than they now are in Cuba or Brazil. Most of the Northern States have already enacted stringent laws against the importation of free negroes among them. They would not desire such a population in their midst, and would be willing to spend money to rid themselves of it. They would need our cotton, as they now do, and would find our trade still indispensable to their prosperity. We should then have the power to regulate our own revenue laws, tariffs, etc., and to discriminate against them, and in favor of European States, if we choose to do so, by imposing export duties on cotton purchased by them, and import duties on manufactured articles sold by them to our people. This they could not endure and prosper. The result would be that they would, if required, enter into a treaty with us to bring back our fugitive slaves, and deliver them to us at the line, if we would agree to a favorable commercial treaty with them, by which they could buy our cotton and sell us their goods upon equal terms with other nations. A similar treaty, for a like reason, could be made with the English Government, by which Canada would no longer be the harbor of fugitive slaves.

The sentiment, no doubt, prevails in the Northern States, that the people of the South would be in great danger from their slaves, in case we should attempt to separate from the Northern States, and to form an independent government. Insurrection and revolt are already attempted to be held in terror over us. I do not pretend to deny that Northern spies among us might be able occasionally to incite small numbers of slaves, in different localities, to revolt, and murder families of innocent women and children; which would oblige us promptly to execute the slaves who should have departed from the path of duty, under the deceptive influence of abolition incendiaries. These instances would, however, be rare. Our slaves are usually under the eye of their masters or overseers. Few of them can read or write. They are not permitted to travel on our railroads, or other public conveyances, without the written consent of those having control of them. They have no mail facilities, except such as their owners allow them to have, and no means of communication with each other at a distance. They are entirely unarmed, and unskilled in the use of arms. A general revolt would, therefore, be impossible. But the more important fact, which is well known in Southern society, is, that nine-tenths of them are truly and devotedly attached to their masters and mistresses, and would shed, in their defence, the last drop of their blood. They feel and recognize their inferiority as a race, and their dependence upon their owners for their protection and support, whose smile of approbation constitutes their highest enjoyment. They have not been accustomed to claim or exercise political rights, and few of them have any ambition beyond their present comfort and enjoyment. In case of a plot or conspiracy, the secret could be communicated to but few, till some would learn of it who would immediately communicate it to their masters, and put them upon their guard. This would lead to an immediate seizure and execution of a few of their leaders. We have, therefore, but little cause of apprehension from a rebellion of our slaves.

Let us, for a moment, contrast our difficulties with *our laborers*, in case of division, with the difficulties which the Northern people would have with *their laborers*.

Many of the Northern masters, or employers, if they prefer the term, are now in possession of large fortunes, which they have accumulated by the use of the strong arms of white laborers among them, who have labored and toiled and dropped the briny sweat for weeks and months and years in their service, and have received from them in return a meagre compensation, which, in health, has barely enabled them to support themselves in a simple style, denying to their families most of the comforts of life, and in sickness has often left them in destitution and actual want of the necessaries of life.

While those who receive the benefits of the labors of others are living in stately mansions, amid ease and luxury, and faring sumptuously every day, the laborers whose toils brought these comforts must spend their days in unpleasant dwellings, and often in miserable huts, doomed to perpetual obscurity, and denied, even in sickness, the comforts of life produced by their own hard labors.

But who are those honest, sturdy laborers, who are kept in a position of inferiority to those who assume to be their earthly masters, who require them to drive their carriages, black their boots, and do for them all kinds of menial service? They are *white men*. They belong to no inferior race. They are not only free, but they are the sons of freemen, who shed their blood to secure liberty to their posterity. These men have political rights, inherited from their ancestors, which are inalienable. They have the right to bear arms, and thousands of them know how to use them. They can read and write, and correspond with each other about the wrongs inflicted upon them.

Should a separation take place, and the Northern States take up arms against the people of the South, and attempt to incite our slaves to insurrection, these Northern white laborers, who have suffered so much injustice at the hands of those who have wrung from them the hard earnings of the sweat of their brows, should not only be informed of their rights, but they should be encouraged to rise in their might and divide among them the surplus of such Northern capitalists as have received their labor for many years without making just compensation. After they have declared their independence of those who assume to be their masters, and who will not associate with them, nor permit their families to associate with them as equals, they should be invited to join our standard and to associate with us upon equal terms. They should be liberally rewarded for their services, should no longer be required to perform the menial service of the negro, and should be taught that the true aristocracy in the South is an aristocracy, not of wealth, but of *color* and of *conduct*.

We should not hesitate to spend whatever sums of money may be necessary, to give proper information upon this subject to the downtrodden and oppressed laborers of the North, and to encourage them, in case of difficulty with the Northern States, to take into their own hands that justice which has been so long denied them by their haughty oppressors. As we did not begin this warfare, but it has been forced upon us, we should never end it till the aggressors are the greatest sufferers. The gold, silver, and other treasures of proud and haughty Northern Abolitionists, would afford a rich harvest to those in their midst who have been all their lives kept in poverty and obscurity, who are more loyal to the Constitution of their country, and much more worthy to enjoy those treasures, than thousands of their oppressors who now possess them. How different the state of things in the South! Here the poor white laborer is respected as an equal. His family are treated with kindness, consideration and respect. He does not belong to the menial class. The negro is in no sense of the term his equal. He feels and knows this. He belongs to the only true aristocracy, the race of white men. He blacks no master's boots, and bows the knee to no one save God alone. He receives higher wages for his labor than does the laborer of any other portion of the world, and he raises up his children with the knowledge that they belong to no inferior caste, but that the highest members of the society in which he lives will, if their conduct is good, respect and treat them as equals.

These men know that in the event of the abolition of slavery, they would be greater sufferers than the rich, who would be able to protect themselves. They will, therefore, never permit the slaves of the South to be set free among them, come in competition with their labor, associate with them and their children as equals, be allowed to testify in our Courts against them, sit on juries with them, march to the ballot-box by their side, and participate in the choice of their rulers, claim social equality with them, and ask the hands of their children in marriage. That the ultimate design of the Black Republican party is to bring about this state of things in the Southern States, and that its triumphs, if submitted to by us, will, at no very distant period, lead to the consummation of these results, is, I think, quite evident to the mind of every

than those which witnessed the triumphal processions of Imperial Rome. In the glowing language of Cicero, "The very foundations of the city will remove from their places and go forth to meet them."

[We might fill twenty columns with extracts of this sort from the fire-eating press of the South, and an equal space with selections from Southern papers opposed to the secession movement and in favor of the Union. We had, indeed, collected a mass of extracts illustrating the various phases of Southern opinion and feeling; but want of room compels us to lay them aside. Our readers, however, do not need that we should supply them with such matter, for they will find enough of it in the political journals to which they have access.]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

SUPPLEMENT—MR. JAY'S SPEECH.

WE publish this week, in a SUPPLEMENT, a Speech delivered by JOHN JAY, Esq., at Bedford, on the evening preceding the day of the recent Presidential Election, upon "The Rise and Fall of the Pro-Slavery Democracy, and the Rise and Duties of the Republican Party." Mr. Jay belongs to that wing of the Republican organization which cherishes an intelligent and honest hatred of slavery, and is determined to oppose it by all lawful and constitutional means. His speech, though long, will repay careful attention, being valuable for the historic facts it embodies and the appeal it makes to the reason and moral sense of the people against the system which has so long been the chief crime and curse of the nation. Mr. Jay, it will be seen, regards the Republican party as the product of the Anti-Slavery Movement inaugurated by Garrison and carried on since 1833 by the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries. He thus acknowledges a truth which some of the leaders and presses of that party would fain conceal, and does justice to the men whom they would gladly consign to public odium as fanatics and disturbers of the nation's peace. His views, in some important respects, differ from ours, but we are glad of the opportunity to lay before our readers a Republican speech so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of abolition that it is not likely to gain admission to any of the leading presses of the party.

PROPHECY AND FULFILMENT.

LIKE all men engaged in the unselfish prosecution of a great Moral Reformation, the Abolitionists have from the first been endowed with the gift of prophecy. They live now in the midst of the fulfilment of their own predictions. Like other prophets, they have not always been able to fix on the precise moment when the things they foretold would come to pass; but, unlike most of their prophetic precursors, they find themselves overtaken by the accomplishment of their vaticinations much sooner than they expected. The position from which they contemplated the history that was acting on the stage of the Nation gave them an opportunity for judging of the course it would take, such as few persons actually engaged on the scene, and often with instinctive inducements to hide the truth even from themselves, could possibly enjoy. They knew that the truth, whose champions they were was mighty and must prevail; and this faith, and the absolute absence of any preference of one mode of success over another, made their vision clear as to the most likely paths it would take to victory. And then they were all the time busy in helping to bring about what they had prefigured, which circumstance may be set down to which side of their account for sagacity their critics may prefer. They are content with the success, and the credit for foreseeing or bringing it about may be given to whomsoever the judicious may think it due.

The intelligent readers of this paper and of the Reports of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies may remember how often in former times the present have been foreshadowed. For one instance among many: in the Report of the Massachusetts Society, written in 1847 and presented in the winter of 1848—before the Free Soil party was thought of—are these passages: "A Northern party is unquestionably at hand. Like the sects of Jerusalem, the jarring parties at the North will yet unite and present a formidable front to the common enemy. * * There is Anti-Slavery spirit enough in the free States to create a formidable, if not a predominant party. All that is needed is men of personal integrity and moral courage to take the lead. We think the emergency will soon arrive, if it have not arisen already, to call them forth." At that time the Democrats and Whigs possessed the land between them, and each vied with the other in the depths of their servility to the slaveholders as the authentic arbiters of the strife for power. In a few months a beginning was made in the Free Soil party. With the interposition of but one Presidential Election, thereafter, the North all but carried Colonel Fremont into the National Palace by an exclusively Sectional party, and this year it has organized its victory in the triumphant choice of Abraham Lincoln by almost every Northern vote against every Southern one in the Electoral Colleges. Our readers know that we expect little or no Anti-Slavery help from Mr. Lincoln, excepting the absence of the swift servility which made Pierce and Buchanan run before they were sent to do the dirty work of the slaveholders; but we none the less recognize his election as an Anti-Slavery triumph and the result of long Anti-Slavery labors. It is not the harvest, but it is the green blade that must go before it. It is not the fruit, but it is the blossoming that promises its coming.

It is not that we do not expect Mr. Lincoln to do substantially the same work that his two predecessors were eager to do. His method may be different, but all the worse for that. He will execute the Fugitive Slave bill, and put down Slave Insurrections, and maintain the Constitutional rights of the slaveholders as they are generally received and allowed by the Nation. We should advise every fugitive slave in the Northern States, and especially in the large cities, who is not ready to convert himself into a Northern murderer by a deadly self-defence, to place the St. Lawrence between himself and the incoming President with all convenient speed. Not that he will wish to molest him, or that he had not rather he were let alone. But slave-hunts will be speedily organized in all critical parts of the country, as soon as may be, for the very purpose of testing the fidelity of the President and his Marshals to the Constitution and the Laws. If the slaveholders are slack on the scent, these hunts will be set on foot by the Democrats and Bell-Everett men for the annoyance of their successful antagonists. Notwithstanding all this, we rejoice in Mr. Lincoln's election for the significance that it has, in spite of the consequences that may immediately follow from it. It was hatred to slavery and its works, however much the leaders try to disguise the fact, that informed the Republican movement with all its vitality. The great mass of his voters verily believed that they were voting against slavery when they cast their ballots for him. Not merely against the thrusting of slavery upon loathing Territories by the bayonets of the Nation; but against slavery itself and all that it inherits. And so they did. For Slavery is a Giant that dies when the first stone is thrown at him. He received his death-wound in the first number of *The Liberator*, and this is another of the successive death-thrusts which will at last do him to death.

The testimony of the slaveholders may be taken as satisfactory on this point. Though Mr. Lincoln will go into power with a majority of themselves and their parasites in both Houses of Congress, they instinctively know what a pregnant symbol his presence in the White House will be, and are busy in conspiracies to hinder it, and loud in their threats of secession if they cannot. They see in his election the sign that the sceptre has departed from them, and that in spite of the treasonable efforts of two successive Presidents to keep it in their hands. The single aim and policy of Pierce and Buchanan has been to govern the country through the fears of the North of the secession of the South. The South was to be secured to the Democratic party by every humiliation and concession, more even than it asked or even thought, while the North was to be cowed into submission by the threats of the commercial ruin that would follow a revolutionary movement of the slaveholding States. For the first time, and that in the face of the most profligate intimidation and corruption, the North has stood its ground and carried its point in spite of the menaces of the slaveholders, seconded by the most abandoned and disgraceful party that ever was engendered out of the slime even of American politics. It was reserved for the Bell-Everett party to do the Democrats the service to make their party look fair and clean by the contrast of its baseness and filth, and to make the character of the Democracy seem truthful and honorable when compared with Bell-Everett lying and infamy. In despite of all this, the North has for the first time had her own way and chosen the man she preferred President, without a single Southern Electoral vote. It is no wonder the Cotton States

"Fierce sign of battle make and menace high";

they have reason, and it is a true instinct that tells them to seek what safety they can in Disunion, in the arms of Louis Bonaparte, or wherever they can find it.

We fear that it is too much to hope, that those States should secede. Not that we believe, with many of our contemporaries, that the Disunion movement there is a mere sham and delusion, intended to frighten the North out of her propriety, or into it. We have always believed that there was a sincere Disunion party at the South—men who really believe that the slave States would be much better off by themselves, while the North would be ruined by the separation. And the time is now the most favorable they have ever had for accomplishing their revolution. We know that it would be damaging to the safety and prosperity of the slave States to discharge us, their Janissaries and their bankers, who fight their battles, pay their debts, and sustain their political existence. This can be cyphered out on any blackboard. But Revolutions are not made with a slate and pencil, as we have often said before. They are not based primarily on calculations of profit and loss. They do not proceed forth of the pocket but of the heart, and it is not money but passion that breathes into them the breath of life. It is true also, undoubtedly, that the mass of the great slave-owners and property-holders would oppose Disunion. So did the mass of the wealth in our Colonies before the Revolution. The Cotton States are better able to support a government than the Thirteen were at the beginning or the end of the War. And then they will have no war to pass through. If they are resolute to secede, there will be no violent opposition to it. The consequences to them and to us, we have not time now to consider. There will be time enough by and by for that. For we fear that the sop is even now getting ready for our Cerberus. The humble-pie is cooking that we are to eat as the condition of having our Old Man of the Sea astride our shoulders for another four years. We will not say that Mr. Lincoln will be obliging enough to decline an election, as some Virginia paper has modestly suggested. But we are by no means sure that the other conditions suggested, of the repeal of the Personal Liberty bills and the humble acknowledgment of fealty to the Fugitive Slave law will not be endeavored by the Republicans as measures of peace. But it will be a crying of Peace! Peace! when there is no peace. And we warn the slaveholders that the Agitation they dread is one beyond the reach of political partisans to stay or to guide, and that it will go on over dead parties, if not through living ones, until it has swept slavery from the earth.

DR. BACON BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

EVERY evil, even sin, has a certain amount of compensation accompanying or following it. Thus it happens that, in consequence of Dr. Leonard Bacon's loss of temper a few weeks ago, so many of the people of this world as take an interest in the sayings and doings of *The Independent* have been enabled to judge, for once, which of the editors of that paper wrote a particular article in it. This event derives interest from the fact that, while the authorship of editorial matter there is commonly left impersonal, upon general principles, it is particularly and assiduously "kept dark" when the articles in question contain false statements in regard to its own course of policy, or calumnious accusations against people of a different persuasion.

Three weeks ago, there occurred an exception to this course of policy. *The Independent* of the 1st inst. contained a long letter addressed to its editors, but signed with the full name of its senior editor, who seemed particularly *riled* by the amount of truth which had been told respecting him by an "evangelical" brother, the reverend editor of *The Christian Intelligencer*.

The charge made against Dr. Bacon by his clerical brother was, substantially, of a course of conduct in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, upon the question of slavery, so very inconsistent with his conduct in the American Tract Society, on the same subject, as to look like dishonesty. And it referred to the recent well known administration of "gag-law" by Dr. Bacon, in the meeting of the American Board at Boston, in contrast with *The Independent's* complaints of the same sort of discipline exercised towards *its* party by the government of the Tract Society; with the very natural reflection that "it makes a world of difference whether it was your ox or my bull."

The justice, combined with the quietness, of these charges, made them rather annoying; and Dr. Bacon plumply denies them, appending, by way of snapper to the two columns of his reply, the boast that his action in regard to slavery had been not only always consistent with itself, but had commenced more than a quarter of a century ago, earlier than the beginning of his opponent's "Reformed Dutchmanship."

Giving a passionate denial, both general and particular, to all the charges of his reverend brother, Dr. Bacon singles out, for more elaborate refutation, a charge so carelessly worded that he could plausibly make a stand against its literal meaning. The editor of *The Christian Intelligencer* had incautiously said that Dr. Bacon was "opposed to resolutions about slavery" in his own ecclesiastical bodies, and in the American Board, meaning, what is perfectly true, that he was opposed to all energetic action *against* slavery in those bodies.

Such a chance for *seeming* to be in the right (before a circle of readers not one in fifty of whom possesses the documents by which to test the truth of his statements) was not to be neglected. And Dr. Bacon expends half his long letter in referring to occasions on which he and the American Board have passed resolutions *about* slavery. He conceals the fact (a fact which may be plainly seen by any one who chances to possess the long series of Annual Reports of the A. B. C. F. M.) that wherever he has spoken for or voted for resolutions *about* slavery in that body, and whenever that body has passed such resolutions, it has never been spontaneously, but only in the attempt to stave off some resolution or action *against* slavery. In the whole history of the American Board, at whose meetings Dr. Bacon has been one of the most constant and active attendants, he has utterly refrained from action even *about* slavery, except when it was thought desirable to throw a wet blanket upon the action of Lewis Tappan, Dr. Cheever, and men of that stamp, *against* it.

The Intelligencer of Nov. 8th gives a spicy reply to Dr. Bacon's letter, giving abundant and conclusive documentary evidence in proof of its original charges, and in refutation of the culprit's defence. But the readers of *The Independent* will never see this refutation, and the principal editors of that paper will say, with their accustomed hardihood, whatever is necessary to hush up in quietness, or to face down by unscrupulous assertion, these revelations of their unfaithfulness.

The Independent, while always eulogizing the American Board, and upholding its policy, has always practised concealment, evasion, or denial, according to circumstances, to keep the particulars of the pro-slavery action of that body from the knowledge of the public. If the whole history shall ever be written of the attempts made by a small minority of its members to cause it to withdraw from direct complicity with slavery, and of the manœuvres of the Prudential Committee, first to avoid both action and expression upon the subject altogether, and next, where the former was impossible, to use expression as a means of evading action—a series of operations will be disclosed, not surpassed, in deceptive ingenuity, by anything in the annals of Jesuitry. In this series of operations Dr. Bacon has been an active assistant. He has always aided, on the platform (sometimes by speech and sometimes by silent acquiescence, but always efficiently), the course which Dr. South-side Adams and his associates have agreed upon in the Prudential Committee. And in *The Independent*, partly by speech and partly by evasive silence, he has always tried to represent the Prudential Committee and the Board as guiltless in the matter of slavery.

THE SOUTHERN PROGRAMME.

THAT there is a party at the South fierce for a dissolution of the Union and the organization of a slaveholding Confederacy, there is no room for doubt. The dominant sentiment in most, if not all, of the cotton States, is probably favorable to this scheme. But the more northern slave States are raving over the election of Lincoln for a very different purpose. They hope once more to conquer the North through her fears of political revolution and commercial disaster. Their idea is, that the Northern people, or a majority of them, are so wedded to the Union, and so afraid of the consequences of its dissolution, that when they are made to see that it can be preserved only by new pledges of fidelity to slavery, they will fall upon their knees and beg the slaveholders to fasten chains upon their limbs and padlocks upon their mouths! Their faith in Northern subserviency is the fruit of long experience, and we cannot wonder, in view of the past, that they cling to it as an anchor of hope in the present emergency. They remember how the North was made to submit to the admission of Missouri to the Union as a slaveholding State, to the annexation of Texas, to the repudiation of the Wilmot Proviso, and the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law; and they think that some new guaranty for the protection of slavery, or at least a new pledge to let it alone, may be extorted by similar means. Hence they are willing that South Carolina should pursue her plan of secession, and that the cotton States generally should threaten violently to follow her lead. Hence, too, they have conspired with Northern stock gamblers and merchant politicians to bring on a commercial panic. They hope, through the confusion, excitement and trepidation thus induced, to prepare the Northern people to accept such conditions of settlement and pacification as will afford South Carolina a convenient apology for relinquishing her project of secession, and make slavery for ever the dominant power of the Union. The plan of these conspirators against liberty is foreshadowed by George N. Sanders, a faithful servant of the slaveocracy, in a letter to *The Tribune*, of which the following is an extract:

"The cotton or Gulf States are now in process of secession. It is believed that the tobacco or border [slave] States, more devoted to the Union, will remain and present some honorable compromise, *which, if accepted by the North, may be the means of bringing back the seceding States into friendly relations with us.* We will soon, therefore, arrive at the point of accepting or rejecting the olive branch as offered by the tobacco States, upon which the sense of the North should be had direct. The conservative men of New York are naturally anxious to know what will be the action of the Republican party in the premises.

"We hold that no political question has ever exceeded this in magnitude, and that upon it the whole people should be permitted to speak; for on its decision depends the permanence of the Union. It is for the people of New York to decide her destiny. Should they find themselves deprived, by legislative machinery, of the power of accepting the compromise offered, the justification for revolution would not be less than in '76. It would be legitimate ground for revolution on the part of the people of any Southern State, for the Legislature of such State to secede without first receiving their sanction; and *it cannot be expected that the conservative men of the Empire State will stand quietly by and see the South drifted off, by the refusal of propositions involving nothing essential to us.*

"The late election cannot be regarded as at all decisive. The present issues scarcely entered into the canvass. Many thousands were disgusted at the shifting aspects of the Fusion movement; some ten thousand in this city could not vote for want of proper facilities. Very many thousands voted direct for Lincoln, to prevent the election going to the House, fearing that a contest there would cause commercial and financial fluctuation.

"I have great confidence that the South will not be exacting, and that if the Northern people can get hold of the subject, it will be patriotically adjusted."

What the South intends, if possible, to force the North to yield is thus frankly stated by the Richmond *Enquirer*:

"Full assurance of peace must be given from some competent quarter, or the Southern States must choose between subjection and resistance. Let each Northern State, through her Legislature or in Convention, assemble promptly, repeal all nullifying laws passed for the injury of the constitutional rights of the South; pass laws to secure the easy and prompt execution of the Fugitive Slave law; pass other laws imposing adequate penalties on all malefactors who shall hereafter assist or encourage the escape of fugitive slaves; pass other laws declaring and protecting the right of slaveholders to travel and sojourn in Northern States, accompanied by their slaves; instruct their Senators and Representatives in Congress to repeal the law prohibiting the sale of slaves in the District of Columbia, and to pass laws sufficient for the full protection of slave property in all the Territories of the Union, and let those Senators and Representatives promptly obey such instructions."

The pro-slavery presses of the North, with unparalleled effrontery, echo these insolent demands of the Slave Power, and enforce them diligently by base appeals to Northern cupidity. *The Journal of Commerce, The Express, The Daily News*, and other journals of the same kind in this city, are not one whit behind the Richmond *Enquirer*, the Charleston *Mercury*, or the Savannah *Republican* in the zeal with which they defend the extremest demands of the slaveholders. These presses are allowed, without molestation, to libel and insult the great majority of the Northern people, and defend the schemes of the slaveholders on Northern soil, while at the South no man, without endangering his life, can speak a work in defence of Northern principles or in opposition to slavery. [For evidence of this, note the examples of Southern proscription and Lynch law recorded on the first page.]

It is probable that, in the next six months, the Northern Backbone will be subjected to a pressure more severe than any to which it was ever before exposed. *The Tribune*, speaking of the present state of affairs, and of the plans of the Slave Oligarchy and their tools, says:

"The financial crisis through which we are now passing, is purely a Politician's Panic; there is no possible cause for it outside of the councils of the defeated Fusionists of 1860. * * * All the elements of prosperity and industrial activity are ample beyond precedent; the one thing wanting is a loyal submission by the defeated politicians to the judgment which the people have rendered against them. Their factious and treasonable plots and schemes are the cause, and the sole cause, of the financial troubles now existing or impending.

"Do they really mean to break up the Union? A few of them, who have been Disunionists for years, mean just that; but the great majority do not. They simply mean to bully the free States into concessions which they can exult over as neutralizing the election of Lincoln. They do not care what these concessions are, so that they can boast that the North was cowed by their threats of secession. That point made, all would be sunshine again in three days.

"We believe the President (Buchanan) is likely to be driven to formally recommend the call of a Convention to resettle the Federal Constitution, with a view to strengthen the machinery for slave-catching in the free States and *affirm the right to extend slavery, if not into all Federal Territories, at least into all South of 36 degrees 30 minutes*, whether present or prospective. We believe the existing panic will be deliberately aggravated and extended, to the extent of forcing a part, if not all, of the banks into suspension, and that men high in office are secretly leagued with stock gamblers to heighten the present distress and mutually enrich themselves. In due time, the foreordained compromise will be trotted out and all worshippers of the Golden Calf expected to bow down before it. This we understand to be the programme."

The *Herald*, in the following paragraph, shows us on what the conservative slaveholders and their Northern friends are feeding their hopes:

"The action which the Southern State Conventions may take will probably be the following: Appointment of Commissioners to Congress, asking for a call of a Convention of all the States, to consider existing evils and propose remedial measures; appointment of Commissioners or delegates for a Conference of Southern States; passage of resolutions foreshadowing the remedies and constitutional guarantees desired by the South, and probable action of the South in case of failure of these expectations. The present condition of the country is rapidly tending to a state of things favorable to the consideration of the necessities of the South. We have lived fifty years of political existence and experience in the last six weeks. The old Democratic party no longer exists, and the elements that once constituted it are rapidly ranging themselves on new lines of party policy. In six months there will not be a remnant of the Lincoln party left. It is already broken, and personal factions are beginning to be formed out of its components; but the division of parties which now seems to be approaching is of an entirely new character. We have cleared away the old lumbering and embarrassing political organizations, and have come down to the real issue of the wisdom or wickedness of African slavery. On this the great conflict has to be fought, and the States which retain it as a wise and necessary part of their social system must receive, through amendments to the Constitution, guaranties against hostile attacks from the fanaticism or misled conscience of the Northern States, or the Union must be dissolved."

Whether the Northern Republicans will stand up unitedly and boldly in defence of their principles in the face of Southern menace and clamor, or bend before the storm—a portion of them following the lead of some traitor in a fresh effort to "save the Union" by a new compromise, more villanous than any yet known in our political history, time only can tell. We felt sure, in 1849-'50, that the North would stand by the Wilmot Proviso, but the treachery of Webster and Fillmore plunged her into a lower deep of subserviency than she had ever sounded before. The remembrance of our disappointment then warns us not to be too sanguine now; but we hope that the experience of the last ten years, if it has not prepared the North to repudiate "the compromises of the Constitution" and sweep slavery at once from the land, has, at least, inspired in her so much self-respect and courage as may be necessary to enable her to resist any new demands of the slaveholders. We rejoice to say that, with some few exceptions, the tone of the Republican press is such as to encourage this hope; but there are indications in some quarters that a desperate effort will be made to bring the President elect under the influence of the conservative, pro-slavery wing of his party, represented by such men as Corwin and Ewing of Ohio, Trumbull of Illinois, and Webb and Raymond of New York. Mr. Turnbull made a speech at Springfield, Ill., on Tuesday last, in which he magnified and exalted the conservatism of the Republican party, evidently for the purpose of allaying the excitement of the slaveholders. Mr. Raymond is the editor of *The Times*, which gives this counsel:

"The Republican party is now in a position to exercise the virtue, and reap the reward, of a generous and patriotic magnanimity. It can afford to waive many claims—founded upon fears of aggression and of injury, since those fears have been dispelled by its victory. Republican States can afford to sweep from their statute-books whatever is obnoxious to just censure in their Personal Liberty bills,—now that the execution of the Fugitive Slave law devolves upon men from whose reckless injustice and subserviency to Slavery their own citizens, have nothing to fear. They can give new guaranties against the invasion of Southern rights, now that these guaranties will not be abused to the perpetuation of Southern wrongs. They can place a larger trust in the influence of climate and of soil, and in the will of the inhabitants, for excluding slavery from new territories, now that those influences will no longer be overborne by a Federal Administration reckless of everything but the behests of the slaveholding power."

Whether the Republican party will follow the course here indicated, and attempt to conciliate the South by inaugurating the old Whig policy in regard to slavery, remains to be seen. Of one thing we are certain, viz.: *there is a North* now of a very different sort from that which Webster and Fillmore had to deal with in 1860.

HOPEDALE COMMUNITY—DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is not often, in this slavery-ridden country, that the dedication of a new church building can have any special interest for the true anti-slavery reformer, or for the lover of Christianity in its genuine and incorrupt form. Very rarely would one of these receive an invitation to attend such an occasion and participate in its exercises. But the dedication of the new church edifice at Hopedale (Milford, Massachusetts) forms an exception to the rule on this subject; and as the community there established is of a character to interest all true lovers of their kind, and all Abolitionists in an especial manner, a notice of this occasion becomes appropriate to your columns, and may also prove interesting to your readers.

The Hopedale Community was instituted about twenty years since. A little company of believers in the possibility of making Christianity a practical thing in society, in business, and in the daily intercourse of men with men, associated themselves to test the experiment. They made purchase of a small tract of land in the westerly part of the town of Milford, Worcester County, on either side of a small stream known as Mill river. Their beginning was a modest one. Their marked characteristic and indispensable condition of membership was that, in no circumstances, should any member of the community resort to violence, or seek the interposition of the law and its penalties in defence of their rights of property, liberty, or life even. The belief was general that they would soon fail, finding their bond of union chimerical and unfitted to the uses of real life. All such expectations have been signally disproved. The Community has thoroughly established not only the possibility but the essential value and high practical use of their fundamental principle of union. They now constitute an important village in the flourishing town of Milford, and its members are held in high esteem and respect throughout that region, even by those who have no sympathy in their peculiar views.

Up to the present time the Community has had no other church accommodation than such as was afforded by the building also used as a schoolroom. But their increasing numbers and property having rendered a larger and more convenient building needful, and put it in their power to obtain it, they have this season erected such an edifice; and they set apart Thursday, the 15th inst., for the purposes of its dedication, and of general congratulation among their friends on the event. Your correspondent was one of the numerous audience present at the dedication, and believes that all true anti-slavery reformers may have a word of congratulation and God-speed for the Hopedale friends at this time.

A particular description of the house will not be attempted. In a basement story, but entirely above ground, is a large and commodious room for vestry purposes; over that, the entire second story of the building (with the exception of two ante-rooms at the sides of the platform, and from which there is communication with the vestry ante-rooms below,) is devoted to the meeting-house proper. This is large enough to seat comfortably five hundred persons. It is neatly carpeted, and the seats are cushioned uniformly throughout the house. The walls are simply but very tastefully painted in fresco, and the entire interior has a very pleasing effect. It proves to be as favorable for the purposes of speaking and hearing, and of musical expression, as could be desired.

On Thursday, 15th inst., at 10 o'clock a.m., an audience was collected from Hopedale and vicinity, together with some friends from greater distances, which well filled the house. After an anthem, by a choir of about twenty persons, the Building Committee delivered to the chosen Trustees the title deed and the keys of the house. The statement therewith made by Mr. William S. Haywood was a very interesting one. It was announced that the house had been built by voluntary subscription and donation; there had been no resort to a compulsory tax; there had been entire harmony and cheerful cooperation in the work; no accident to life or limb had occurred; and the completed building stood unincumbered by any debt. The pews, it was declared, were to be free to all without distinction—to old and young, rich and poor, black and white—and their occupancy would be wholly free of tax or charge; the house to be, in the first place, devoted to the uses of the Hopedale Community and of the Practical Christian Church there, and at all other times to be free for any person of good moral character, who might desire to speak therein his or her convictions of truth and duty. ADIN BALLOU, (the original mover and guiding spirit of the Community,) then, on behalf of the Trustees, accepted the trust on the conditions named, adding, that persons not connected with their Community were invited to come and take seats and share privileges in the house on the same terms with the members themselves, their contributions towards its expenses being wholly voluntary. After another anthem, an appropriate prayer was offered by Samuel May, of Leicester; and this was followed by the chanting of a hymn, written for the occasion, by Adin Ballou, a copy of which, with others, I send you. The morning sermon of dedication was then delivered by Mr. W. S. Haywood, Principal of the Hopedale Community School, and one of the stated preachers of the place. He essayed to define and illustrate *religion*. No better definition or classification of the duties of religion, he said, could be given than the old one—Love to God, and love to man; the former of these two great heads he took as the subject of his discourse, the latter being reserved for the afternoon topic. The preacher proceeded in a manner clear, free, and reverent, to set forth the being and character of God, the true nature of love to Him, and the ways of manifesting that love. "Let no revelation," said Mr. H., "be attributed to God, written or unwritten, which casts any shadow upon the character of Him whose whole name and attributes are comprehended in one word—Love." The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was then sung very beautifully. It may be said here, that all the musical exercises throughout the day were under the direction of Mr. Joshua Hutchinson, of Milford, New Hampshire, and were admirably arranged, forming a most attractive and impressive feature of the occasion.

In the afternoon, the numbers of the audience were perceptibly enlarged,—the house, including aisles and platform, being filled to its utmost limit. After a voluntary by the choir, Rev. John Boyden, of Woonsocket, R. I., read selections from Scripture, well chosen and impressively read. Then another original hymn, by Mr. Ballou, was sung,

"What house can we build for the Infinite Mind?"

Mr. Ballou next offered the prayer of dedication. Mr. Haywood read a summing up of principles held by this Community as Sovereign and Divine, a copy of which I regret I am not able to send you. An appropriate song, "What I live for," was sung by Mr. J. Hutchinson.

The second part of the dedication sermon was then given by Rev. Adin Ballou. It was an admirable exposition of the apostolic doctrine, that he who loveth not his brother, *whom he hath seen*, cannot love God, *whom he hath not seen*. We are to show our love and piety towards God by our love to those with whom we come in contact, and to whose well-being we can contribute in any measure. It is very probable that both these discourses may be published.

Mr. Ballou then gave a cordial invitation to any friends present to offer remarks suitable to the occasion. In answer to calls from him, Rev. Mr. Boyden of Woonsocket, and Mr. May of Leicester, made congratulatory remarks, each enlarging somewhat upon the topics which had been treated during the day.

The house was then declared to be dedicated and set apart to the uses of religion, as it had been defined, and to the promulgation of those great principles, relating to God and man and social life, which had been set forth this day.

In the evening, the house was again well filled. Rev. Mr. Boyden offered prayer. A truly good original hymn, by Miss Lucy Whitney, was sung; and Mr. Ballou then said the meeting was free for addresses and remarks from any friends present; following each speaker's remarks, the choir would give some musical piece. Rev. Mr. Hassall, of Haverhill, was the first speaker. He touched several interesting points, such as that of *authority* in matters of religion, etc. Somewhat of a discussion upon these points, and upon subjects presented in the day's discourses, followed, in which Messrs. Ballou, Haywood, Hill of Milford and May, took part.

Thus closed a series of uncommonly interesting and encouraging meetings. The quiet and steady attention of the audience to every part and feature of the occasion must have been highly gratifying to our Hopedale friends. And thus was set apart to the best of human uses—thereby best honoring the Great and Good Father of all—the new Hopedale Church, wherein we trust and believe that many a meeting shall yet be held, promotive of Human Freedom, Growth and Happiness; many a faithful Anti-Slavery meeting, before whose penetrating light and earnest rebuke the hideous darkness of slavery shall be scattered, and its apologists and defenders be put to shame and converted to a better mind; many a Temperance meeting, which shall break the soul-bondage of degrading habits, and bring him who was dead to be alive again, him who was lost to be found and restored to virtue and to peace; many a Woman's Rights meeting, where the shackles which tyrannical customs and laws have imposed upon woman's just and rightful action shall be weakened, until, at length, they fall entirely away; many a Christian meeting, in short, where, with all boldness, the truths of the kingdom of God shall be unfolded, and multitudes be brought, by the beauty of holiness, to lead lives of uprightness, peace and good will to man; thus rendering to God the highest glory.

"My soul shall pray again,
Peace with this house remain,
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And since my Father here
Draws to his children near,
My soul shall ever love thee well."

S. M.

GEORGE THOMPSON IN DEFENCE OF DR. CHEEVER.

THE (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for November contains a letter from GEORGE THOMPSON, exposing in a thorough and masterly way the gross unfairness of *The British Anti-Slavery Reporter* in its course toward Dr. Cheever. If our columns were not now more crowded than usual, we would reproduce this letter in full, although the principal facts embodied therein have been already laid before our readers. As it is, we must confine ourselves to a single extract, in which Mr. Thompson replies to a paragraph published in *The Reporter* for October 27—and commented upon in THE STANDARD of October the paragraph, namely, in which the editor, in order to excuse his previous unfairness toward Dr. Cheever, meanly alludes to "certain duly-attested documents" which he had "placed in the hands of a mutual friend," and which, he says, would not only justify the position he has taken, but "probably be considered sufficiently conclusive to warrant our [his] taking very decided ground." Read, now, Mr. Thompson's conclusive reply to this dastardly insinuation:

"My observations on the above shall be brief. I will, however, strip these remarks of all obscurity, and annihilate the force of the base insinuation of the editor of *The Reporter*, that he has ever had in his possession any documents, the publication of which would have reflected discredit on any but their malignant fabricators. The person referred to as one of the oldest of Dr. Cheever's supporters is Mr. Theodore Bourne of New York, who in March last was on terms of intimate friendship with the editor of *The Reporter*, spending much of his time at the Anti-Slavery Office, and dating his letters from that place. With this person the editor of *The Reporter* has since quarrelled. Of the grounds of that quarrel I know nothing; but I do know that the editor of *The Reporter* has, since the disagreement, lavished upon his former friend the most opprobrious epithets, has declared him to be untrustworthy, and has confessed to me, in writing, that he was deceived by him in relation to Dr. Cheever. This confession was made in July last, three months before the appearance of the above article! With the nature of the "duly-attested documents" here spoken of, I am also acquainted. They are, *verbatim*, the same as were published in *The New York Observer*—to which Dr. Cheever wrote a minute and conclusive reply, which was published in the paper that first gave them currency, but which reply the editor of *The Reporter* never inserted, and has even within the last few days refused to insert in the forthcoming number of his paper. The documents were sent to *The Reporter* by a person of the name of Wood (who referred to Mr. Bourne to certify his respectability), with a request that they might be published, but *without* the name of the party who forwarded them, and *without* the name of the alleged slaveholder. The same documents were reprinted in *The Caledonian Mercury*. The paper was shown to Dr. Cheever in my house, on which occasion the Dr. authorized Mr. Chesson, then present, to declare them 'malicious fabrications,' and a communication exposing their falsehood was forthwith sent to *The Mercury* and instantly inserted, though the exposure occupied more than a column of space. These are the documents which are now held *in terrorem* over Dr. Cheever, and 'would probably be considered sufficient to justify the taking of very decided ground.' What these ominous words import I will not pretend to say, but I defy the editor of *The Reporter* to prove that the documents placed in the hands of a mutual friend (that person being also an intimate and dear friend of my own) contain a syllable more than the documents originally published in *The New York Observer*, and triumphantly refuted by Dr. Cheever at the time.

"The editor of *The Reporter* now admits that Mr. Rochussen, in his letter from New York, exonerated Dr. Cheever in the matter of the negro pew. If so, why did he not say so at the time? The editor of *The Reporter* now seeks to make it appear that he printed Mr. Rochussen's letter because that gentleman 'specially requested its immediate insertion in *The Reporter*.' But did Mr. Rochussen 'specially request' the editor to carry his letter to a daily paper of fifty times the circulation of *The Reporter*, and use his influence with the manager to obtain its insertion? Let the editor of *The Reporter* answer that question.

"Dr. Cheever arrived in England on the 23rd July, and left for the Continent on the 11th of August. During a fortnight of this period, it was in the power of the editor of *The Reporter* to have communicated personally with Dr. Cheever, and to have submitted to him the evidence upon which he now professes to have proceeded. Dr. Cheever has been twice since in London; but not until the evening of the 11th of October, more than eleven weeks from the date of the Doctor's landing, did he receive the slightest communication from the editor, and then only a brief note expressing the wish of the Committee of the B. and F. A.-S. Society for an interview to talk over anti-slavery affairs. This note came to hand on the eve of the Doctor's departure for Scotland, where he is still laboring. Before his return to the metropolis, the Committee he has been invited to meet will have an opportunity of deliberately reviewing the course which has been pursued by their accredited official organ, in relation to Dr. Cheever. I shall address a copy of this letter to every member of that Committee, and be ready to substantiate its allegations. I do not and cannot entertain the belief that the members of the New Broad street Anti-Slavery Committee are, understandingly and consentingly, parties to the injustice which has been committed under the cover of their sanction, against a devoted servant of God and self-sacrificing champion of the cause of the oppressed. I cannot permit the thought to harbor in my mind, that the honorable, truthful and Christian men who compose the Committee whose ostensible organ *The Reporter* is, are aware that their officer (at once their Secretary and their editor) has within the last few days been requested to publish Dr. Cheever's vindication of himself from the charge contained in the attested documents referred to in the articles quoted above, and *has declined to do so!* For the present, I can make allowance for the Committee, who it is probable have permitted themselves to trust implicitly to the supposed right judgment and professed high principle of their representative. My present letter will, I trust, convince them of the grave error into which they have fallen, and will cause them to make haste to exonerate themselves, as far as their own motives are concerned, from the responsibility which attaches to the course of injurious wrongdoing which *The Reporter* has for nine months pursued. It will, I sincerely hope, lead them also to make the immediate reparation which is due to the person so grievously wronged under the authority of their name—that person, one of the noblest types of anti-slavery integrity—a man whom they were bound by their own votes, signatures, and records to defend from slander. This man they have to compensate for the unmerited odium heaped upon him under the shelter of their *imprimatur*. Having done this good work promptly and completely, let them see to it that for the future the publication which monthly appears under their sanction is not prostituted to the promulgation of the flagitious libels of the depraved pro-slavery press of America against men who are hated in proportion as they are true to God and the slave. Finally, let them remember that *The New York Observer*, the journal from which their Secretary and editor, in March last, gratuitously selected the very libel which he will not permit to be answered in the columns of your *Reporter* next month, is the paper that has just allowed a pro-slavery divine, who was recently in this country, to brand that same editor and Secretary as 'an infidel in religion, a theatrical critic by profession, and the secretary of an abolition society for a salary—whose principles are on the side of his stipend, and who would be a pro-slavery secretary for higher wages.' The Committee will truly and justly say that abuse like this, from such a quarter, is creditable, and an honor, to him who by his anti-slavery fidelity has rendered himself hateful in the sight of the upholders of slavery. So also should have reasoned the Committee's representative in the case of Dr. Cheever and his opponents; he would not then have imposed upon them the duty, as Christian men, of confessing that through inadvertence they have suffered the influence of their good names to be employed to the furtherance of evil and malicious purposes."

The Mr. Bourne referred to above as having been the tool in England of Dr. Cheever's enemies in New York, though a son of one of the bravest and most uncompromising friends of the Anti-Slavery Movement ever known in this country, has no standing here as an Abolitionist.

Our European Correspondence.

Anti-Slavery Operations in Great Britain.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, November 6, 1860.

A GLANCE at what has been done in various parts of this country during the past month, having a bearing upon the question of anti-slavery, and the condition of the colored race, generally, on your continent, may not be uninteresting to your readers. I cannot pretend to give you events in the precise order of their occurrence; but must take them, at random, as they come up in my mind. I will refer, first of all, to the labors which have been performed by certain native-born Americans, who belong to that part of your population recently outlawed by the dictum of Judge Taney, and declared to have no rights which white persons are bound to respect. You will infer that I speak of those persons who are *not* white. Nevertheless, amongst us they have not only had their rights admitted, but have been applauded for their intellectual gifts, and cherished for their noble virtues. First among these is Miss Sarah P. Remond, who, on the 5th ultimo, was welcomed to the city of Edinburgh by a splendid audience of upwards of 2,000 persons, heard with profound attention, and rewarded by the loudest cheers. She was thanked for her "able and instructive lecture," and declared to be "a noble representative and advocate of the cruelly oppressed colored people" of her native land, "bond and free." So much for the modern Athens, where preparations are being made to give Dr. Cheever, who is expected there during the present week, a worthy reception.

In the city of Glasgow, *two* American Doctors—the one white, and the other black; the one belonging to the faculty of *medicine*, and the other to the school of *divinity*—have been drawing the attention of the citizens to different phases of the same great subject. Drs. Cheever and Delany are the distinguished individuals I have thus denoted. The former has done his work most effectually. It seems that a good deal of misconception prevailed regarding the Pastor of the Church of the Puritans. There were those amongst the curious who anxiously awaited his appearance in the metropolis of the west of Scotland, whose imaginations, in advance of his advent, had pictured him a vulgar Boanerges, an enthusiastic stump orator, who blindly hurled his thunderbolts without discrimination; and were astonished to find him (I use the words of one of his critics) "a man of mild aspect, of silvery oratory, of profound views of man's nature and relationships, whose thoughts were most striking and original, and his language severely chaste and mellifluous." The conclusion at which those have arrived who have listened to Dr. Cheever in Glasgow is that *he must be sustained*, and that the people of this country, who support hundreds of missionaries, while bearing their testimony against idolatry, must uphold, in his present position in New York, God's champion of the cause of the oppressed.

Dr. Delany has been discoursing on topics connected with his recent exploratory expedition to Africa, in company with Mr. Campbell of Philadelphia. His lectures are described as replete with interesting information, and as furnishing a more vivid idea of Africa than can be gathered from works of topography and geography.

The Rev. Messrs. Mitchell and Troy, two colored missionaries to the fugitive slaves in Canada West, are also in England, and are prosecuting with success a tour for the collection of $6,000 for the erection of a chapel and school at Toronto, Canada West. I understand they have already raised about $4,500. Mr. Mitchell has published an interesting book on the condition of the colored population of Canada, which contains some valuable statistics, and much information relating to the "Underground Railroad." Mr. Day, a colored gentleman from Chatham, Canada West, is delivering very able and eloquent speeches on the subject of American slavery, and is, meanwhile, raising funds to establish a newspaper on his return.

Mr. William Craft, who, with his wife, escaped from slavery in Georgia, nearly twelve years ago, has brought out a book containing a narrative of his romantic adventures, with the title of "Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom," and is engaged in lecturing in connection with the London Emancipation Committee.

Lastly, as regards the agency of colored persons in this country, we have two men here who have been slaves in Kentucky, and have redeemed themselves, their wives and seven of their children, at a cost of $4,500, and are now holding meetings with a view of raising money for the purchase of four children still in bondage. One of them is the minister of an African Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati. He has been taken by the hand at the Wesleyan Mission House, and will, I trust, be liberally helped by British Methodists. The itinerating labors of such persons as I have now referred to tend to keep alive and extend the anti-slavery feeling of the people here. I could wish, however, that if it were possible, the exertions of all of them might be directed to the one simple object of the abolition of slavery. But we cannot have it as we wish, and we cannot withhold our "God speed" from any who are seeking to alleviate, by whatever means, the condition of those who are the victims of prejudice and oppression.

We have had a smart controversy with the British Colonial Missionary Society, for the shortcomings of its Committee, in relation to the conduct of one of its agents at Vancouver's Island, who separated from his colleague in disgust, and opened a second house, because he was not permitted to establish a "negro pew" in the Mission Chapel. When the facts were first disclosed by the London Emancipation Committee, they were ignored by the Society's Secretary. At length the Missionary Committee have been obliged, themselves, to make it known that their agent has compelled colored worshippers to take their seats separate and apart from the whites, and they have resolved (October 24th) "That the above arrangement must be *immediately discontinued*, and freedom of access secured to every part of the building to all persons, without distinction of color; and that, in the event of this requirement not being complied with, the connection of the Colonial Missionary Society with this Mission must *cease*." I send you two letters which have been recently published in a London paper, from which you will learn that the conduct of the Committee in this matter, with the exception of its action just noticed, has been highly blameworthy, and that the resolution now passed should have been recorded in December last, when they were fully aware of the unchristian course which had been adopted by their Missionary. The virtual sanction which they then afforded to the wrongdoer caused a most excellent man, the Rev. W. F. Clarke of Canada, to end his connection with the Society.

You will see in *The Anti-Slavery Advocate* for this month, a long letter from George Thompson, exposing the doings of *The Anti-Slavery Reporter*, in reference to Dr. Cheever. You will probably deem it right to reprint it, and it will then speak for itself. This letter was written in consequence of the rejection of one sent for insertion in *The Reporter*, in vindication of Dr. Cheever from the calumnies of *The New York Times* and *New York Observer*. The editor, in a note declining the communication, pleaded the indisposition of his Committee to enter into the controversy affecting the Church of the Puritans. Judge, then, of my surprise, on opening *The Reporter* for the present month, to see there the protest of the malcontent members of the Church and Society, which you very properly placed in your *pro*-slavery department, and ably replied to in your issue on the 20th ultimo. This protest, I have reason to believe, was in the hands of the editor some time before Dr. Cheever left London for Scotland. It had appeared as an advertisement in *The London American*, and had been inserted and paid for, as such, in *The British Standard*. It was sent to *The Reporter*, with a simple request for its insertion, and is forthwith printed *gratuitously* with these words prefixed—"In order not to lay ourselves open to partisanship." Such is the justification sought to be set up for the publication, through ten successive months, of a series of defamatory libels upon one of the most noble and heroic amongst the advocates of God's truth, as directed against the infinite iniquity of slavery. And this in a publication sustained mainly by those whose peculiar characteristic it is to inculcate the charity that "thinketh no evil."

In the latter part of the great struggle for the abolition of British colonial slavery, and especially subsequent to the return to this country of the apostolic, lion-hearted, but persecuted William Knibb, no religious body (with the exception of the Society of Friends) was more thorough-going in its opposition to the system than the Baptists. It was that body that, in 1833, sent to the United States the first denominational remonstrance against the wickedness of the "peculiar institution"—a document that was so applicable to the state of the Church on your side of the water, that it was not allowed to see the light, but was for twelve months under the lock and key of the parties to whom it had been officially addressed in Boston. Well, these are unequivocal signs that the lead (in England at least) will be taken by the same body, in placing their co-religionists in America, who practise and apologize for slavery, in their true position. In relation to the Churches here, I will refer to two of these signs which you will say are "tokens for good." The first Calvinistic Baptist Church in England has just adopted a "Fraternal Address to the Baptist Churches of the United States of America." I will not injure this excellent document by quotation, but send it entire, to appear in your columns as evidence that anti-slavery vitality still exists among the Baptists of this country. In further proof of this fact, I transmit you a brief report of the proceedings of the London Board of Baptist ministers, which met at the Baptist Mission House on the 31st ultimo, and after adopting a Report, in reference to Dr. Stow of Boston, and also a Resolution to the effect that the Doctor having returned no answer to that Report, which had been sent to him as long ago as February last, the Board were justified in concluding that its allegations were correct, concluded, on the motion of the Rev. Wm. Brock, to send an Address to the Baptist Churches of the United States, which the Rev. Charles Stovel, the writer of the Address already referred to, was appointed to prepare. It will, I have no doubt, be an able and faithful protest against the pro-slavery apostasy of the great American Baptist body.

This summary of our sayings and doings will, I hope, give aid and comfort to the true-hearted Abolitionists of your great but guilty land. HOME.

P.S. Will your able correspondent, M., of the City of Brotherly Love, furnish in your columns some information about the Rev. Dr. McLean of Philadelphia, who, in this country at the present time, is the pulpit apologist of American slavery.

DR. CHEEVER AT GLASGOW.

WE have been trying in vain to find room for the proceedings of the meeting held at Glasgow, Oct. 17th, to hear an address from Dr. Cheever on slavery and his own struggles with the Slave Power in the United States. The report is before us in *The North British Mail* of Oct. 18. The meeting convened in the City Hall, and was numerously attended, in spite of the efforts of certain persons (acting by instigation of Dr. Thompson and others in this country) to hedge up the Doctor's way. W. P. Paton, Esq., occupied the chair, and on the platform were a goodly number of eminent ministers and laymen. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Macgregor, the Chairman made a cordial introductory address, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Arnot, who moved and supported a resolution to the effect that the meeting give Dr. Cheever a cordial and hearty welcome to this side of the Atlantic, and request him to give the audience information of what it was important to know regarding slavery and his personal struggles in America with the Slave Power. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. Henry Batchelor, who made a brief but eloquent address, in which he applied the lash most effectively to *The New York Independent* for its course in regard to Dr. Cheever and himself. The resolution having been adopted, Dr. Cheever rose, and, after receiving a most cordial welcome, proceeded to deliver a masterly address, for a portion of which, at least, we hope to find room in a future number. He defined with great clearness the difference between genuine abolitionism and its counterfeit, and replied, point by point, to the "Protest" lately sent across the water by the pro-slavery malcontents in the Church of the Puritans.

After a few pertinent remarks by Rev. Henry Calderwood and Dr. Symington, in support of Dr. Cheever's mission, the meeting adjourned.

CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

WE publish the following resolutions for the information, especially, of our readers in Great Britain, where extensive and persistent efforts have been made to misrepresent Dr. Cheever and the grounds on which he asks for aid from Christian anti-slavery men.

Whereas, a number of persons, only a part of whom are members either of the Church or the Society of the Church of the Puritans, have, without the cognizance or consent of the Church, Society, or Board of Trustees, made and published a formal protest, addressed to the Christian public in Great Britain, against the appeal made by our Church and Pastor to them for aid, which protest was calculated to give the impression that said appeal was entirely unnecessary, impolitic, and wrong, as well as unauthorized; and whereas, some six or eight of the wealthiest of the protestors some time ago relinquished their pews and took cheap sittings in or under the gallery, near the door, thereby depriving us of a portion of our revenues, while they retain their power to injure us; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Board of Trustees of the Society of the Church of the Puritans, hereby give our full sanction to said appeal; that, in our opinion, it is necessary, right, and proper, and that the continuance of Dr. Cheever's present ministry depends, under God, upon its success; also,

Resolved, That we find the reason why such an appeal abroad is necessary in the fact that our Churches, as a body, will not countenance or support a gospel which proclaims slaveholding a crime and sin to be abolished and exterminated; and that we believe that any Church in the Republic which earnestly and persistently takes sides with the oppressed against the oppressor will be denounced by its fellow-churches as having departed from the gospel of peace and love, and as being given over to fanaticism; and that the inevitable fate of such a Church is, to be shorn of its wealthy members, robbed of its support, persecuted and defamed, and that no conciliation or charity short of an avowed compromise or renunciation of principle can avert such a result.

Resolved, That we hear with unfeigned pleasure and gratitude of the kind and cordial reception of our beloved Pastor by the Christian Churches in Great Britain; that we feel ourselves honored and blest in the attention and sympathy extended to him, and that, in the name of that cause which is dear to Christ and dear to us through the grace given of Him, we render them our heartfelt thanks.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Drs. Batchelor, Candlish, and Guthrie, and to Dr. Cheever.

November 8, 1860.

Passed at a meeting of the Board, held Nov. 8, 1860, by a unanimous vote. Signed,

DEXTER FAIRBANK,	EDWARD GILBERT,
HENRY A. HARTT,	WM. E. WHITING,
KENYON COX,	HENRY ABELL,
EDWIN FERRIS,	THOS. J. HALL.

THE *New York Observer* is trying to calm the fears of the slaveholders by referring them to Lincoln's pro-slavery opinions and pledges, as contained in his debates with Senator Douglas. After quoting what he has said in regard to the duty of non-interference with slavery in the States, the Fugitive Slave law, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the admission of new slave States, the domestic slave trade, and the social and political equality of the white and black races, that most unscrupulous pro-slavery sheet indorses him in these terms:

"These views are set forth with a distinctness and straightforward candor that leave us in no doubt whatever as to the meaning or the purpose of the President elect. * * * Thousands of Abolitionists will denounce these sentiments, and the man who holds them; but hundreds of thousands of other men voted for him on account of these opinions, believing him to be a firm supporter of the Constitution *as it is*, and opposed to the slightest departure from the letter or the spirit of that instrument. Even if Mr. Lincoln had the disposition to interfere with the institution of slavery, contrary to the strict construction of the Constitution, it is obviously impossible for him to accomplish any such purpose, as both houses of Congress are, by a clear majority, opposed to his administration. But he has no such intention, and *he stands pledged in the most emphatic and solemn manner against* ALL *the distinctive measures for which the Abolitionists have been agitating the country for the last twenty-five years.*"

We commend this language of *The Observer* to the study of those Republicans who have been so impatient under the criticisms of Mr. Lincoln by Abolitionists. What have we to expect from an Administration whose principles in relation to slavery are indorsed by that pro-slavery sheet? Those who imagine that the inauguration of a President holding such principles will usher in the Jubilee are certainly doomed to a bitter disappointment.

THE LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND, which will be found on the fourth page, will be welcome not only to the immediate friends of the writer, but to our readers generally. The friend who was so kind as to send it to us is entitled to our thanks.

CROWDED.—We are reluctantly compelled to postpone letters from Mrs. Martineau, Rev. W. H. Bonner of London and Stephen S. Foster, and much other matter, for which we hoped to find room this week.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

MIDDLEVILLE, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Nov. 15, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SINCE my last account to you of meetings in Ulster County, I have given additional lectures, of which I will make brief mention.

At Homowack (Ulster Co.), attended by my friend, Mr. Deponai, of Ellenville, I gave a lecture in the Free Church, to a good sized audience of intelligent and attentive hearers—the first and only anti-slavery lecture, I believe, ever given in the town. My next lecture was at Ellenville, given in Campbell's Hall, on "The Dissolution of the Union, a Remedy for Slavery." At Ellenville an Association has recently been formed, to hold regular weekly meetings for the promotion of religious, anti-slavery, and reformatory interests. The Association embraces a few noble and earnest spirits, and their combined efforts I trust will be prospered, and result in much future good to themselves and to the community in which they reside.

Crossing the Shawangunk mountains, my next lecture was given in the town of New Paltz, in a Friends' meeting-house. This was also new soil, mine being, I believe, the first lecture of the kind in that locality. The people listened respectfully, but as though somewhat confounded, hearing for the first time a new and strange gospel; so rare is it for any one to "speak right out" the plain, simple truth concerning pro-slavery religion, politics, and social influences. My labors in Ulster County closed with a meeting at Milton, held in the Progressive Friends' meeting-house. The meeting was characterized by a lively interest, and very well attended. After my own remarks, the Rev. Joseph Foster, of Greenfield, made an eloquent and effective address. While at Milton, I was the guest of Mrs. Sarah Hallock, to whom I am indebted for much kindness. I also visited the fruit plantation and gardens of Mr. Nathaniel Hallock, which are among the finest, most extensive and productive I have ever seen, in this State or elsewhere.

My next lectures were given upon Long Island, at North Hempstead, and in adjoining towns, under the kind auspices of our excellent friends, JOSEPH and MARY POST. Their active personal interest in arrangements for our meetings, and their generous, warm-hearted hospitality, renders a visit to their home and neighborhood a most pleasant one, as to an oasis in the not infrequently desert experiences of anti-slavery lecturing life. A good sized and interesting meeting, held in the Free Church at Port Washington, was kindly arranged for by EDMUND WILLETTS, a liberal minister, well known in the New York Yearly Meeting of Friends. His preaching, I hear, is decidedly unwelcome to the more conservative of his hearers, from its anti-slavery and liberal theological tone and tendencies. His residence is one of the most beautiful (not highly ornamented) upon the island, and to it I was cordially welcomed by himself and family.

Returning from Long Island, I was very glad of the opportunity of being present at the last Monthly Anti-Slavery Meeting at Dr. Cheever's church, of which you have given some account in THE STANDARD. A lone "north star" for the slave is that meeting, in the midst of a multitude of faithless Churches and worshippers in your city. May its light continue to increase in strength and usefulness!

At West Winfield, in a hall dedicated to freedom, I gave two lectures to moderate sized but intelligent and appreciative audiences. I am indebted to Mrs. M. A. E. GREEN, a devoted, faithful friend of the slave, and to Mr. BISBY, for efficient cooperation and generous hospitality. Subsequently I attended a deeply interesting Convention at Canastota, at which the Rev. BERIAH GREEN, Hon. GERRIT SMITH, GEORGE W. PUTNAM, and others, were present. An account of this Convention I notice you have already published.

I gave two lectures in the Methodist Church at Fairfield, in this county, on Monday and Tuesday evenings last. There is a large and flourishing Academy located here, some of the students of which were among my hearers. Fear of infidelity, and self-satisfaction with the election of Lincoln, on the part of the people, gave us moderate sized audiences. My strictures upon the secession movement at the South have been warmly and heartily responded to, evincing no great sorrow among the people at the possible prospect of Disunion.

I am to speak here this evening, in the Union Free Church, and on Saturday and Sunday next attend a Convention at Poland, with SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others. At Fairfield I was very kindly and pleasantly entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Cole, who are among your most intelligent and faithful readers. I am also indebted in like manner to Mr. L. L. Kelsey and household. Mr. Kelsey is one of the pioneer Abolitionists of this State, devotedly attached to *The Liberator*, rejoicing always in the service of our cause. AARON M. POWELL.

THREATENING LETTERS.—A correspondent of *The Evening Post*, having had an interview with Abraham Lincoln, thus enlightens us as to the character of his Southern correspondence:

"I mentioned that Mr. Lincoln had already quite a large correspondence with the South. There are many of his letters from that quarter which the country ought to see. Missives which no decent man could write are abundant; their postmarks reveal the fact that the vocabulary of Billingsgate is not confined to the Five Points and Marshal Ryndet's office. Unfortunately, the earmarks of some of them show that their writers are not devoid of education, if destitute of decency. Letters threatening death, in all its forms, as the penalty of his high position, are more abundant still. They are, of course, mainly anonymous, though a few bear real names. Some are signed in hieroglyphics said to be known only to the "Sacred Order" or "Southern Brotherhood," which threatens Mr. Lincoln with a sudden and untimely taking-off. A few are ornamented with sketches of executions by the gibbet, assassination by the stiletto, or death by a lightning stroke; and in nearly all, the theology of the writers is indicated by rude caricatures of the Devil, ready with his three-pronged fork to receive and pitch into everlasting fire the body of the unfortunate Lincoln, whose offence consists in the belief that human slavery is a wrong. He is not, I am glad to say, annoyed by these. Assured that no man who will write anonymous and threatening letters is worthy of being feared, he tosses all such aside, as he says, to illustrate at some future day the comical side of his Administration."

SLAVE-HUNTING IN ILLINOIS.—In Chicago, the other day, a negro woman named Eliza, who had escaped from slavery in the territory of Nebraska a short time before, was arrested as a fugitive slave. The United States Marshal, in taking the woman to jail, was stopped in the street by an excited crowd of negroes, and was compelled to give the woman to the city police, who lodged her in the Armory for safe keeping. The next morning, a Justice issued his warrant against her for a breach of the peace, and she was taken out of the Armory by the Sheriff of the County, and while he was on the way with her to the office of the magistrate, she was rescued by a company of people of her own color and carried off—the wise ones only know whither. The Justice who issued the warrant, the Sheriff who executed it, and seven other persons, have been indicted in the United States District Court for violating the accursed Fugitive Slave law. Thus is the "irrepressible conflict" kept up!

THE TRUTH THAT WOUNDS.—In Charleston, on the 15th inst., there was an immense gathering to welcome the representatives of the city on their return from Columbia, where, as members of the Legislature, they had taken an active part in the Secession movement. One of those representatives, Mr. Porter, showed in his speech that he had read the lecture of Wendell Phillips, published in these columns last week. "Why, fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, "an orator of Massachusetts (Wendell Phillips) has said, since the election of Lincoln, that it is the first time in the history of the Republic that the slave has elected the President of the United States. Yes, fellow-citizens, mark the taunt and the insult, that the slave has elected the President of the United States. And it is true. But alongside of that fact, when it is written down in the history of the Republic, there will be written another fact, which is this: that there was one, at least, of these slaveholding States that refused, with utter scorn, unto the very disruption of the Confederacy, to submit to the inauguration of a President elected by a slave." If South Carolina cuts herself adrift from the Union, she may find her slaves, ere long, doing something even less to her mind than electing a President.

THE LOGIC AND THE MORALITY OF SLAVERY are vividly illustrated in the extract we this week print from the message of the Governor of Georgia. His ideas of Northern society betray incredible ignorance or measureless effrontery.

TWENTY-FIFTH

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THIS Bazaar will be opened in the Saloons of the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, December 11th, and will continue during the following three days. This announcement will be sufficient to secure to the Managers the zealous cooperation of those who, for many successive years, have proved the value of this instrumentality of anti-slavery labor.

To others, who have not had this experience, and who have not hitherto deeply felt the claims of the American anti-slavery enterprise, we appeal for aid, not only in the name of four millions of their fellow-countrymen, deprived, by American statutes, of all the rights of American freemen, but also for the sake of their own imperilled liberty. This anti-slavery question, the agitation of which has been widening and deepening for thirty years, until every village from Maine to Texas feels its influence, is no longer merely the question, Shall the negro slaves of these United States be emancipated? The truth, ever obvious to the moral philosopher, that the enslavers of others become themselves enslaved, is now being demonstrated to this nation. The inestimable blessings which American citizens have held so dear, freedom of speech and of the press, the *habeas corpus*, the right of trial by jury, and, indeed, all the safeguards of American law, are wrested from every man, Northern or Southern, who, upon Southern soil, dares to offend a slaveholding populace by manly utterances in behalf of liberty. The struggle is now for our own civil and political freedom, as well as for the personal freedom of the slaves; and upon all those whose moral susceptibilities take no cognizance of the latter, we urge the consideration of the former. It is by such discipline that nations may learn that the absolute right is the wisest political economy.

A result of our long experience in anti-slavery labor, is confidence to urge on the community the claims of our twenty-fifth Fair. The principles of equitable traffic on which our Fairs are conducted are too well known to need explanation here. From our coadjutors at home and abroad we hope to receive valuable contributions.

Donations in money or articles of merchandise may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee of Arrangements.

SARAH PUGH,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SARAH C. HALLOWELL,
ANNA M. CHILD,	REBECCA S. HART,
SARAH L. CHILD,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,	JENNETTE JACKSON,
MARIA CONKLIN,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
SARAH KENDERDINE,	CLEMENTINA G. JOHN,
ABBY KIMBER,	HULDAH JUSTICE,
MARTHA KIMBER,	ANNA R. JUSTICE,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	REBECCA PLUMLY,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
EMMA PARKER,	MARY SHAW,
SARAH H. PIERCE,	SUSAN SHAW,
RUTH ANNA PIERCE,	ANNIE SHOEMAKER,
AGNES CRAIN,	MARTHA SHOEMAKER,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	HANNAH L. STICKNEY,
MARGARETTA FORTEN,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM,	ROSANNA THOMPSON,
SARAH K. GILLINGHAM,	LYDIA WHITE,
MARY GREW,	RACHEL WILSON,
	MARY C. WRIGHT.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Weymouth, November 2d, MARY WESTON, aged 74, one of the earliest Abolitionists.

In Hopkinton, Mass., on the 18th inst., JESSE MERRILL, M.D., late of Boston and formerly of Franklin, N. H., aged 66 years.

In the death of Dr. Merrill the slave has lost an ardent, unselfish and devoted friend. He espoused the anti-slavery cause in its earliest days, and his heart, hand and purse were always responsive to its needs.

In Philadelphia, on the 14th inst, JOHN EVANS, aged 70 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, No. 148 Green street, First day afternoon, 18th inst., at 1 o'clock.

The cause of Freedom in Pennsylvania has lost another of its best supporters. John Evans was identified with the Anti-Slavery movement from the beginning, and a more honest, earnest, or fearless advocate was not to be found in its ranks. He had a large heart and a liberal hand, and no appeal in behalf of the suffering was ever made to him in vain. In his death the champions of Freedom lose a faithful coadjutor, and the poor and needy a pitying and generous friend. M.

On the 13th inst., at his home in Plymouth, Montgomery County, Pa., GEORGE CORSON, in the 60th year of his age.

There are many who are more widely known, but it falls to the lot of few in private life to be more sincerely loved, than the friend whose departure is here recorded. The centre of a large family connection, and of a more extended neighborhood acquaintance, his active benevolence and other virtues made for him many friends outside his immediate circle. His manners were plain and his habits retiring, but there was something in his spirit that was sure to attract and attach those who came within the sphere of his influence. He loved truth for its own sake; he was a man of unbending uprightness; and he abhorred all forms of dishonesty. Gentle to the erring and full of pity for the outcast, he had no patience with hypocrisy, and was severe in his rebukes of self-righteous assumption. Straightforward and natural, he could not bear crookedness in dealing, and nothing was more distasteful to him than affectation or cant. Though he had but little to *say* about religion, it was a subject that lay very near his heart; he showed his appreciation of it by deeds rather than by words. "Hast thou faith? *Have it to thyself—before God*," was a sentiment which met with his heartiest acceptance.

George Corson was a consistent Abolitionist, and one of the most efficient coadjutors in our cause. A member of the Pennsylvania Society from its origin, he was to the last one of its most cordial and ungrudging supporters. Most sadly shall we miss him from our ranks, and keenly felt will be the bereavement of his departure. But we shall have for our consolation that though absent in body he is present with us in spirit, and that the example of his life remains for our benefit. The memory of one so good cannot fail to incite those who loved him to emulate his virtues. M.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY, consisting of John W. Hutchinson and Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton of the original quartette company, and Mrs. Fannie B. Hutchinson (wife of John W.) and Viola G. and Henry J. Hutchinson, their children, are giving a series of concerts in this city and vicinity. On Monday evening they sang to a crowded audience at the Atheneum in Brooklyn, and on Thursday evening at the Cooper Institute in this city. They will sing again in the place last mentioned on Monday evening. Sixteen years ago, when anti-slavery opinions were unpopular, the Hutchinson Family, as then constituted, did not hesitate to sing the songs of freedom, thereby giving great offence to the pro-slavery press and to many persons who, but for that circumstance, would have done much to advance their pecuniary interests. The Family as now constituted will be found, we venture to say, equally true to their convictions. Go and hear them.

DEPRECIATION OF SLAVE PROPERTY.—The slaveholders are reaping the first fruits of their disunion panic in a general depreciation of their human property. A Virginia paper says that No. 1 negroes have already fallen more than 25 per cent., and second and third rate hands from 30 to 50 per cent.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—Anti-slavery meetings will be held in ONEIDA and HERKIMER Counties as follows: Those on Saturdays and Sundays will be addressed by AARON M. POWELL and SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and the mid-week meetings by Rev. BERIAH GREEN, AARON M. POWELL, and SUSAN B. ANTHONY:

Nov.	22, 23	Thursday and Friday ..... Newport.
"	24, 25	Saturday and Sunday ..... South Trenton.
"	27, 28	Tuesday and Wednesday ... Trenton Village.
"	29, 30	Thursday and Friday ..... Boonville.
Decem.	2	Sunday ..... Remson.
"	3, 4	Monday and Tuesday ..... Clinton.
"	6, 7	Thursday and Friday ..... West Winfield.
"	9	Sunday ..... Litchfield.
"	10, 11	Monday and Tuesday ..... Herkimer.
"	12, 13	Wednesday and Thursday .. Mohawk.
"	15, 16	Saturday and Sunday ..... Illion.
"	18, 19	Tuesday and Wednesday ... Brocket's Bridge
"	20, 21	Thursday and Friday ..... Salisbury.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.

Facts, Rumors and Incidents.

THE Columbus (Ga.) *Times* says: "We learn that on the night of the election, some negroes in this city were heard to shout for Lincoln in the streets. The negroes must be better posted than we imagined. They no doubt hear that Lincoln is an Abolitionist and in favor of their freedom, and have caught the cue. *No Abolitionist instigated it.*"

At the secession meeting in Savannah, one of the speakers counselled the taking of the Custom House and Fort Pulaski. He said he was from the "wire-grass" country, and that he had 100 men ready to back Savannah—among them five ministers—who were ready at a moment's warning. A young Bostonian having spoken unguardedly at the end of the meeting, was seized, *and would have been hung* but for the intervention of influential men."

The ladies of South Carolina have started a subscription for a testimonial to Caleb Cushing, in appreciation of his services, exhibited in defence of the constitutional rights of the South. It is proposed that the testimonial shall be a miniature, in silver, of the brig Jane Gray, which hoisted a Palmetto flag on coming into Charleston the other day. The brig belongs to Cushing Brothers.

The Charleston *Courier* of the 12th says: "Our city was excited on Sunday by various and contradictory rumors of a mournful occurrence in the town of Mount Pleasant. On diligent inquiry, we find the substance of the fact to be as follows: On Saturday evening a party of lads, or young men, assisted by a negro boy of Mr. T. Hamlin, were engaged in burning effigies of Lincoln and Hamlin. They were assaulted by John M. Barre, who fired on them a double-barrelled gun, wounding all of them more or less, and it is supposed destroying the eye of one of the lads. According to our information, these lads were not trespassing. The Vigilance Committee of Mount Pleasant arrested Barre, and have him now in confinement, after applying forty lashes."

The Macon (Ga.) correspondent of *The Herald*, giving the reasons for the secession excitement, says: "In Crawford County, of our State, are two abolition emissaries in jail for inciting an insurrection among our slaves, sixty of whom, also, are imprisoned, having confessed that they were incited by the above-mentioned men to rise on the day of election, when all the men were absent at the polls, murder the old women, retain the younger for their own use, and slaughter the men as they returned from the polls unconscious of danger. One of the negroes betrayed the infernal plot, and prevented its execution. A white man in Augusta telegraphed to a negro woman of this city to meet her daughter in Augusta by the next train, escaping for that purpose, it being his design to run her and her son and daughter off to a Northern State, the two latter being in Augusta. Fortunately, the despatch was delivered to the woman's master, and thus the plot was defeated."

The New Orleans *Delta* of the 9th inst. contains the account of the discovery of seventy stand of arms under the negro cabins of a Mr. Alfred Hennen, proprietor of a plantation near Pontchaloula, in St. Tammany parish, Louisiana. It is supposed they were placed there by some abolition emissaries, who came there with a view to stir up negro insurrection. The matter is to be strictly inquired into.

The Mayor of Charleston has notified the agents of the Northern steamship lines that he will not henceforth permit the landing of steerage passengers, unless the steamship companies guarantee to maintain them in case they become vagrants. The agents there have accordingly telegraphed north to refuse such passengers. This movement is an execution of an ordinance hitherto a dead letter, but now revived because it is feared that in the midst of anticipated destitution next winter at the North, crowds of paupers will flood the Southern cities.

A despatch from Washington to *The Herald* says: "The Fire-eaters have been admonished by the Union men that their present course is tending to stir up slave insurrections. The more intelligent mulattoes, it is feared, may look upon the secession movement as a plan for prolonging their term of servitude, which they have been led to suppose, by their masters' speeches, would come to an end with the election of Lincoln. Many fear that they may become so exasperated by the probable defeat of anticipated emancipation, through efforts at secession, that they will arise in revenge. All good people shudder at the possibility of such a result."

A correspondent of *The Herald* writes: "The exhibition for sale of portraits of Lincoln, in Exchange place, New Orleans, on the 9th or 10th inst., so exasperated the people that the exhibitor barely escaped violent death at their hands. What if Lincoln were to appear in *propria persona* at the same place? He would be flayed alive. Can a Union exist when such feelings are entertained against its chief magistrate elect? Perhaps the best thing that could be done for the Union now would be to send Old Abe on a short pilgrimage to New Orleans. He would have no need to prepare his inaugural after that."

The Times says: "Judge Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court, has, it is understood, written a letter to a friend in Washington saying, among other things, that four-fifths of the citizens of Savannah are opposed to secession."

Senator Toombs delivered a speech at Milledgeville, the other day, in the course of which he said he had served Georgia in Congress for fifteen years, and thanked its legislators for thus honoring him, but the honor, he said, had been conferred as long as he would have it; that *on the 4th of March next* his resignation would take effect. This announcement created the most uproarious demonstration; numbers of those who were sitting down rose and threw their hats in the air, and shout after shout made the welkin ring.

A free negro in Lancaster Co., Va., is said to have made a revelation to the authorities of that county, a few days ago, to the effect that the negroes from the upper and lower end of the county were to meet at the Court House at a certain time, break open the jail, seize the fire-arms there deposited, and commence an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children. He stated that means of escape were provided by a vessel lying in the creek.

Immense quantities of fire-arms and other implements of war are said to have been ordered of dealers in New York by citizens of South Carolina and other Southern States within the last few days.

The Herald correspondent, speaking of the Governor of Georgia says: "Now, be it known that Governor Brown is a humble, pious Christian, and far from belonging to the Young America school." And a *Times* letter thus indorses Governor Gist of South Carolina: "The Governor does not look like a man who would seek a fight, but when once in for it his friends say he is one of the very last men who will yield. He is one of the pillars of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the State, immensely wealthy, and is represented as not caring a fig for anything but the welfare of his people, and the honor and integrity of the Palmetto State."

The Herald's Washington despatch has the following: "A letter from a strong cotton house in Charleston says that there is really no unanimity, even in South Carolina, for secession. The business men and artisans and mechanics, and all the professional classes, are decidedly opposed to secession, and did not wish South Carolina 'to throw the tea overboard,' as she has done."

The Baptist Convention of Maryland has adopted an address, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Fuller of Baltimore, formerly of South Carolina, appealing to their brethren in Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, to practise moderation, forbearance, and brotherly love, in this period of excitement.

J. C. Morgan & Co. received on Monday a large batch of *Harper's Weekly: a Journal of Civilization*. A conspicuous feature in this paper, devoted to the cause of civilization, was a large picture of Abe Lincoln, sent down South to let the semi-barbarians there know who was to be their President, and what he looked like. J. C. Morgan & Co., not appreciating the laudable enterprise of Harper in this particular, returned the whole lot of papers, with the ugly picture annexed. This is a sensible act of non-intercourse which our public will appreciate.—*New Orleans Delta*, Nov. 13.

One of the most obnoxious and blatant Disunionists in Washington, who holds an important appointment, was recently in a mixed company discharging his customary bombast about what South Carolina was going to do. When asked, if she should secede alone, where she would get troops, having only about one-half as many voters as New York City, he replied, "From France or England." A diplomat was present, and in answer to the inquiry if France would assist, he replied, "Oh, yes! if South Carolina will abolish slavery!"—*Tribune*.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *Register* says: "Already the effects of disunion threats are manifesting themselves. Negroes have gone down 30 per cent., and soon other property will begin to depreciate. And for what? A miserable abstraction. Should an attempt be made to execute these threats, men now wealthy will be reduced to poverty. An intelligent gentleman, and a Democrat withal, who is worth largely over $100,000, remarked to us the other day that he did not think the value of his property now was more than half what it was on the 1st of August."

The New Orleans *Picayune* relates this story: "Some loungers around a fancy store in this city, discovered a Lincoln medal in a stock of fancy articles exposed for sale by an American, and an immediate demonstration was the consequence. The show-case was demolished, and as the owner of the stand came up, a rush was made at him. He took refuge in an adjoining store. The crowd got ladders, stormed the store, and poor Riebeck, hearing threats of rope and lamp-post, broke away, and ran down the street, followed by a crowd of two or three hundred. Being hard pressed, he took refuge in a cake shop, which was soon surrounded. Fortunately a policeman came up at this juncture, and saved the fugitive by taking him to the lock-up. It was discovered on inquiry, that the boy employed by Riebeck and a boy in the opposite store had joined in a speculation in political medals; and that they knew nothing of the presence of

Miscellaneous Department.

CHRIEMHILD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

You know the strange old Nibelungen story,
The fitful billowy song of love and hate;
Of fair Chriemhild, and her rose-garden's glory,
By wrath laid desolate.

Glad shines that garden, with its leagues of roses,
Midway the old time and the new between;
And not a flower its silken bar incloses
So sweet as the Rose-Queen.

She walks there, in the young world's changeful morning,
Entwining hero-garlands redly gay;
For twelve strong knights, all armed for battle warming,
To watch the garden stay.

She seeks undaunted its remotest edges,
Cut from the forest's still and murky gloom,
Where right against weird glens and cavernèd hedges,
The freshest roses bloom.

Black shadows, in behind the beech leaves hidden,
That lean to clutch the sunshine's falling gold,
And dim, deep thickets, by white glimmerings thridden,
Send her no thrill of cold.

And she can hear, by woman's fears unshaken,
The warrior pine's long requiem on the air;
And echoes from unseen hollows waken
A death-wail of despair.

She can pluck roses unaware of danger,
For innocence keeps watch and ward within;
To evil dreads a careless, happy stranger,
Unvisited of sin.

Thus o'er the background of an age of terror,
As down a midnight sky the star of love,
Sinking at last in cloudy gulfs of error,
Chriemhild doth brightly move.

One night a dream alighted in her bower:
A mystic falcon perched upon her hand,
Daring and beautiful he curbed his power,
As waiting her command.

Then two fierce eagles, through the vision swooping,
Plunged into that brave bird their cruel claws,
And snatched him from her sight with sorrow drooping
Ah! bitter was the cause;

For Siegfried was that falcon, her heart's chosen;
Though yet in maiden thought forsworn, unseen;
Melting in passionate love, to horror frozen;
She reads thy fate, sweet queen!

Sweet queen! alas, alas! sweet queen no longer:
In wild and bloody anger fades the dream,
The lurid lines of destiny burn stronger,
And hide her beauty's beam.

Gaze long upon the dear sad face before you,
For ne'er a lovelier lady will you see;
Dew-bright from her own garden bending o'er you;
The Rose of Burgundy.

'Tis on the wall of a Bavarian palace;*
A fresco by a master limner wrought:
You see Chriemhild herself, ere wasting malice
Had all to ruin brought.

She clings to Siegfried, holding on her finger
The falcon of her vision—fated bird!
While nearer, swifter, where his glances linger,
The rush of doom is heard.

Behold the nucleus of the old song's glory!
This is the picture of Chriemhild to keep;
For you can only finish the wild story
To shudder and to weep.

Link not her name with Etzel's barbarous splendor,
Nor the bold Nibelung's awful snare of death;
Embalm her memory, womanly and tender,
In love's most sacred breath.

In vain! it is too plain—that hateful writing;
Mapped out with blood, her own revengeful plan,
In her own fury her rose garden blighting,
As woman's fury can.

Chriemhild herself, beneath Love's warm, white pinions,
Bred the twin vultures, Jealousy and Hate,
That tore her falcon, spoiled her fair dominions,
And left her desolate.

Yet she was robbed of all she had cherished:
Black was the outrage that transformed her so.
Ah! better had she with brave Siegfried perished,
Than lived to work such wo.

Oh, love, in human lives how desecrated—
On history's roll how stained thy holy name.
With envy and with dark revenge mismated,
And made a thing of shame!

Yet the heart's instincts are no less immortal:
Aye, lovely in her love, Chriemhild shall stand
Beside her true knight at the palace portal,
The dream-bird on her hand.

—*The Crayon.*

* Below, on each side of this door (in the new palace at Munich), are two beautiful groups. That to the right of the spectator represents Siegfried and Chriemhild. She is leaning on the shoulder of her warlike husband with an air of the most intimitable and graceful abandonment in her whole figure; a falcon sits upon her hand, on which her eyes are riveted with the most profound expression of tenderness and melancholy; she is thinking upon her dream, in which was foreshadowed the early and terrible doom of her husband. —*Mrs. Jameson.*

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN SWITZERLAND.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[Addressed to a Friend, and communicated for THE STANDARD]

SEELISBERG, above Grüth,
Lake of the Four Cantons,
Switzerland, Sept. 3, 1860.

I HAVE just come down this lake of mountain peaks and green promontories, from the Berner Oberland, from the Grimsel, Furka, and St. Gotthard passes, from the eternal snows, and the mountains cloven to their bases, and the narrow paths up miles of utter desolation, where the glacier and the avalanche and the keen sword of the frost have ground and burst and carved, at their will, the great bare fronts of rock stretching from five to more than ten thousand feet above the gorges, that cut through them like earthquake rifts—where the rushing of innumerable waters seems to fill and overflow the world with one deep, unceasing roar, and where the light plays in such colors of rose and purple and silver, and fades into such awful pallor as no words can describe. I wish you could have been with me in the chalets and on the Alpine pastures of the goatherds, to see how simply and happily men can live where no *echoes*, even, of this world of civilization can reach them, and heard them *yodling* their wild songs as they drove their flocks to the high slopes in the gray of the morning, and seen them gathered in their plain churches, in their quaint dress, chanting their old hymns in slowest measure, while the white peaks looked in at the windows over precipices where the chamois clings, and the fresh mountain air swept freely over their heads.

But you will ask, where and what is Grüth, that I should select it as the place to think of you and write to you. It is the spot where the three John Browns of Switzerland—Walter Fürst, Arnold der Halden, and Werner Stauffacher—met, one November night, away back five hundred years ago, with thirty chosen men of Cantons Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, and swore that they would free their fatherland from Austrian tyranny. It was before Tell had shot Gessler, and the scattered mountaineers had not yet been aroused. A very brave step it was to take; for how hopeless it seemed for a few peasants, with no means of gathering an army amidst mountains that it needed days to climb, or of acting in concert from Canton to Canton separated by walls reaching almost to the heavens, to resist the trained soldiers of a great nation, holding all the fortresses in the land! And so well do the Swiss understand that these "three men of Grüth" are the founders of their independence, that the scene is painted on the walls of their houses and the gates of their towns. In all the little inns you find pictures of the "three patriots joining their hands at Grüth"—Arnold rushing forward with one hand lifted to heaven, the other stretched out to Werner, who looks calmly and searchingly at him, as if to ask if this quick fire would burn steadily enough for the need, while old Walter Fürst, with gray hair, stands between, laying his hand on theirs, and pointing upward, as if affirming the holiness of the vow. I do not know whether this conventional form of the scene really expresses the differences of character between the three men, but so it stands in the prints and the paintings. They must have been very noble men, for they swore specially not to maltreat the Austrian officers, and to remove them from the country, if possible, without the sacrifice of life.

Grüth is a lovely green highland, jutting out into the green lake from under great cliffs, of which you can judge the height when I tell you that it has taken us, to-night, three quarters of an hour to reach the top, by a circuitous path, indeed, but a very steep one. Woody steeps, overlooked by bare ramparts of rock, enclose the lake on every side, above which, peaks and mountain walls rise into the sky, and far down beyond, cliff after cliff of bright green passing into purple, their fine lines meeting in valleys that extend the quiet beauty of this mountain tarn to its very base, stands the snowy pyramid of the Bristenstock, nine thousand feet high. We were rowed across from the little old village of Brunnen by boatmen who seemed to understand the story of the place, passing under gigantic cornices, buttresses and towers, that projected far overhead without giving any sense of instability, but carved in great curves and sweeps, according to some mysterious law of beauty which rules everywhere in these mountain forms. We found multitudes of wild flowers and vines on the rocky slope—bluebells, heather, rosy cyclamen and blood-red ivy. An old man showed us the three springs flowing from the rock, which are believed to have burst forth on the very spot where the heroes took their vow; and you are glad to drink of each in turn, whatever you may think of the story. Alas! they have rigged up an arrangement of pipes and troughs, and built a hut over the whole, so that you cannot get at the bubbling of the springs. And worse still, broad winding paths are being cut all over the wild green mound, paved and smooth, and in a few years there will be more of modern France and England about it than of old Switzerland. The old man asked us into his cottage, the only house near, a genuine piece of primitive Swiss architecture, with a low, long range of honeycomb-paned windows, quaint furniture, and overhanging roof held down by heavy stones. We talked about the old times and men, of course. He told us the families of the liberators were all extinct, also that few Americans came to Grüth. How I wished I could glory *there*, before the good old man, in being an American! but the thought of slavery stopped my pride before it reached my tongue. The housewife gave us nosegays of cyclamen, in a motherly way, and showed us the steep path up the mountain, with a kind good-bye. A boy was tending sheep upon the sheer slope of green. They seemed to hang in mid-air as I looked down upon them. It was a noble scene, this lake and its girdle of mountains, to be consecrated to liberty; not much like the desolate rocks of North Elba, certainly; still less, perhaps, like the soft slope and sweet islet of Runnymede, which I saw from the tower of Windsor Castle, embosomed in parks and manors and wealthy towns. Well, it is a good thing these Meccas of freedom should be so different, that great ideas should claim part in *all* the kinds of beauty and sublimity the world has to show.

It is pleasant to remember that these true cradle Cantons of Swiss liberty are the poor *Catholic* Cantons. It shows that the spiritual despotism has not destroyed manhood. Wherever else the old free spirit has failed, it has always held its ground here. Like the Greek States, which these Swiss Cantons very much resemble in their history as well as their natural and geographical relations to each other—and like our American States, too, though in another way—Switzerland achieved independence only to fall under the dominion of petty aristocracies and oligarchies, which were not really thrown off till since the end of the last century. But the forest Cantons, the Catholic Cantons, never submitted to that form of government. The people met in the great mountain hollows to manage their own affairs. They resisted all temporal aggressions of the Papacy, while they held firmly to the old Catholic faith. Their priests led them on in the battles of liberty, and took care not to let their political and religious instincts cut across each other. I read in Lucerne, the other day, a pamphlet by a zealous Swiss Catholic, in reference to Garibaldi, and the probability that the Pope will be driven from Rome, entitled "Pope or King?" presenting the loss of temporal sovereignty as the best thing that could happen to the Papacy, since it would restore it to its genuine pristine meaning.

We passed by one of these places of popular gatherings the other day, in Canton Uri. It was near Altdorf, and close by the birthplace of Tell. The mountains rise steeply all about its rich, green level, through which flows the Reuss, from far up in the wilds of St. Gotthard. On one side is the pretty church and old castle of Attinghausen; near them, the house shown as that of Walter Fürst, who was Tell's father-in-law. Orchards and cultivated fields make a garden of what was probably a wilderness in those old days. On the other side, between huge cliffs, opens the Schächterthal valley, and at its entrance, on a little mound, is Bürglen, Tell's birthplace, under green heights, up which the bold hunter, in his youth, must have chased the chamois, and fought the eagle and the bear. Close by is a great bare cliff coming down to the roadside, which sends back loud triple echoes, as if full of living men, commanding you in loud, bluff, untamed mountain voices. All over these hills are wild, perilous passes, outlooks above the mists, nooks where many a youth besides Tell must have dreamed of "Freedom and Fatherland." And it is in sight of these scenes that the Uri people have met, century after century, to settle their affairs by universal suffrage. Never were men so jealous of their liberties. It is inconceivable, indeed, what cruel wars, what dissolutions, what ages of revolution these Swiss Cantons have gone through, before they could subdue their jealousies and form a united people.

A true confederacy they are now, however, with enough sense of State rights to secure freedom and growth. Just now they are in a blaze of excitement about Geneva, and the suspected designs of Louis Napoleon therein. The incorporation of Savoy into France seems to them but a step towards the destruction of Swiss nationality; and the Emperor's known hostility to the neutral position which the arrangements of 1815 assigned to Switzerland increases the alarm. At a recent meeting of a military association in Geneva, delegates from the Cantons took occasion to express, in the most enthusiastic way, the determination of the people to defend Geneva from French aggression, at all hazards; and this amidst waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and huzzas, and every festive demonstration. The government has even resolved, I learn to-day, to call out the "Landwehr" or national militia; in other words, to put it into military practice and preparation for service. The little State can muster some 200,000 troops. They are a nation of fighters, who have been forced into trade and industry, of late years, mainly by reason of the necessity of political neutrality involved in their geographical position relatively to the great European powers; and they will be protected further by the fact that their mountain passes cannot again be made highways and battle-grounds for any of these powers, without producing a universal war. I don't believe the French Emperor has any such designs on Geneva, though French influence there has always been very great. Who knows?

The Swiss have improved the long peace. Trade, manufactures, agriculture, are flourishing throughout the country. The large towns have good colleges, with large corps of professors, public libraries, benevolent institutions in great abundance; and the Cantonal and Federal Governments are engaged in wise plans for the amelioration of civil and criminal law, for the improvement of the condition of all dependent classes, for facilitating intercourse and business. The roads are excellent. The poor Cantons of Tessin and Uri have built one of the finest military roads in Europe, since 1820, the St. Gotthard, over one of the great routes of travel into Italy. We saw the men, women and children busy in breaking rocks to keep it in repair. The handsomest sites in Bern are set apart for public hospitals, for orphan schools, and other institutions for the destitute classes. Every district has its school. Even among the wretched hovels of Müzzen we found one—the highest village in Europe, where the Alpine snows bury everything in winter ten feet deep, and the scanty hay and potatoes have to be scraped from the edges of precipices more than two thousand feet high, and which are reached only by a dizzy horse-path along torrent beds and wild woods for four hours of ascent—by the way, a magnificent place for mountain air and mountain scenery, as well as every hotel accommodation. We have seen no hard drinking, no loafing, nor brawling at the country inns, which are everywhere clean and comfortable, with good fare and good beds.

The Swiss are not extortionate, though they have the name of it. On the ruggedest mountain passes, where the climate allows only four months' occupation of the hospice for travellers, you are sure to find hospitality, reasonable charges, and a certain taste for beauty, which shows itself in the simple ornamental work about the very beams and boarding, and in the pretty "Swiss ware," often cut with great artistic skill. The winds howl around the light wooden structures, it is true, and the avalanches, roaring sometimes for five minutes across the huge chasms, make them seem to some excited fancies almost trembling and insecure. Sometimes you are covered by the thickness of a pine board only from the rain and snow, which could pour in by an ugly crevice where the roof-beams fail to meet; and the thin partitions carry a whisper as easily as air. And the rivulets, with mud and stones tumbling down forty-degree slopes, are rather too much for the lazy picks of a few road-makers, who try your patience by calling for tribute when you are toiling up or down, with reeking face, and bones shaken apart, and feet aching and sore. Then there is the unending gauntlet of eager guides that look like the "Ancient Mariner," holding you by their sharp eyes and skinny hands, whose hallucination it is that no stranger among the mountains is safe for a moment unless protected by an investment in their services at six francs a day—of curiosity sellers of all kinds, of marmot boys and Alpine horn men, and cannonaders and echo-wakers of all sorts, down to the squeaking boy who tries to *yodle* a got-up tune, while you are trying to listen to the merry maidens singing the *genuine* "Ranz des vaches" far up the heights. But all these inconveniences, most of which are curable by keeping on hand a supply of coppers, are small matters; and even the continual rains and mists which have followed us this year, and shut off all our best mountain prospects, and kept us housed every two or three days, and are spoiling the grape harvests we relied on so much, can be cheerfully endured, in view of what grand sights and pleasant experiences a good-natured traveller *must* meet in the Swiss mountains. Wherever you go the people are respectful, the children bright-faced and handsome, running to meet the stranger, and filling his memory with pleasant images—the noble old houses, often immense, with their broad eaves drooping down over them like great brown hoods, their balconies running around every story; their delicate window-panes and abundant light, their fine round-edged shingles, their cunning carvings and quaint inscriptions, the door always open to the traveller, the strong-jointed frame, the neat old-fashioned chairs and tables, the sweet herbs laid up against the outer walls, the pretty kitchen gardens, the hayfield where men, women and children, ruddy and stout, turn and then pile the scented hay in tall stacks, then shoulder or pack it into long baskets, and carry it home on their heads—and a hundred other pleasant sights under the crags and along the flowery Alps.—(Alps are not snow-mountains, but high *pastures* running up to the snows, bearing good hay often, always multitudes of bright flowers, and dotted with the chalets where the goats are driven for shelter.)—After such a parenthesis, I must bring my sentence to an end as I best can, and say that, on the whole, you can imagine that I have had what some of your friends would call a "season of refreshing."

Let me give you a thread of my route thus far. First, to the great city of Liverpool, the English mush-room, grown up in a century or two almost from a "pool of liverwort," with its 230 acres of dock, its 17 miles of quay, its grand columnar edifices, its gin palaces and its grimy streets; then across to London by Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's Elegy, and Windsor Castle, where you have certainly been, and will remember the north terrace, the great central tower where the kings have been imprisoned, and the beautiful palaces built in the days when architecture was in its perfection, and the grand avenues leading through the Park, and Eton School, and all the historical scenes you take in from the high walls. We made but a short stay in London, spending the time, by preference, in a foot journey through the lovely little Isle of Wight, a paradise of pretty villages, picturesque old churches, and breezy hills, catching even a glimpse of Tennyson (to me the greatest living English poet), close by his own "careless ordered garden," "under the ridge of a noble down"; then across from Southampton to Havre and Paris, stopping there only a night, and glad to get out of the roar of it, post-haste to Bâle in Switzerland, a beautiful old city, quiet and wide, with houses in a style that builders of dreary brick-blocks in America would do well to study, for their union of massiveness with lightness and picturesque beauty; then to Zurich, where bad weather and evil odors drove us forth; then to Bern, where we enjoyed very much a week's stay, in view of the snow range of the Berner Oberland, and in studying the busy, substantial way in which the Swiss are now developing their industrial, literary, social and philanthropic tendencies; then to Thun, having mounted our packs and abjured horses and steam; down the lovely Thuner lake (a little touch of steam, indeed, for a farewell) to English Interlaken, a bit of Westmoreland or Wales dropped at the foot of the everlasting snows; thence through Lauterbrunnen gorge up to Müzzen, in the face of the grand Jungfrau, with its dazzling "Silverhorn," over the Wagern Alp to Grindelwald valley and its glaciers, over the Scheidegg, 6,000 feet high, a ridge a few feet broad and three miles long, joining two immense mountain ranges across the valley; down next to beautiful Rosenlain and its blue cavern of transparent ice; over into Meyringen valley and up the stony deserts and savage piles of rocky desolation of the Grimsel; then the great Rhone glacier that sweeps down from its cloud level, cracking in great crevasses and grinding down the mountain sides as it goes, loosing a little turbid stream at its foot to swell into the broad river that flows by great cities into the Mediterranean; up the Furka, 8,000 feet high, to the foot of the St. Gotthard; down the Reuss valley to Altdorf, and across the lake to Lucerne; so to Grüth. And now, when these mists lift, which have overhung everything for three days, we cross Interlaken, and Thun, and the Gemmi, into the Rhone valley, thence to Monte Rosa, and then Vevey.

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon the rocky shore;
The brave waves whisper'd courage,
And hid with friendly roar
The falt'ring words that told the tale
I dared not tell before.

I ask'd if with the priceless gift,
Her love, my life she'd bless?
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
For, sooth, I scarce may guess—
Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
That lisp'd so sweetly, "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
I clasp'd her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there, carelessly,
While o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
Like yesterday, no more—
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four-and-twenty *then*,
And *now* I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing-boats a score of years
Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkening land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand-in-hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says, "You should know:
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago."

—*Once a Week.* W. L. W.

THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR'S HOME

IT was in the twilight of the evening, at the corner of Lombard and Ninth streets, Philadelphia, that a little girl, in very shabby dress, held out her hand, and said something that we did not distinctly hear, but the gesture interpreted it, and we reprimanded her, perhaps rather severely, for begging in the street—telling her that the House of Refuge was the place for her. Her brother was a little distance off, each having a basket on one arm. We asked her to go into the drug store, which was near by, that we might see her. She held back, and declined going, saying that "She was ashamed to go into the light—she looked so." Supposing this to be all for effect, we insisted upon her going in. We inquired for the visitor of the Union Benevolent Society for that district, intending to commit the case to her, but we could not find the address. Going into the street again, and while we were talking, a police officer came along, and we called his attention to the child, saying it was a shame she should be in the street—that she ought to be taken up and put into some place where she might be cared for, and not be left to roam about, and learn to lie and steal. The officer asked the same questions we had asked.

"Where do you live?"
"In —— street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth."
"Have you a father?"
"Yes, sir."
"What does he do?"
"He's sick with the consumption."
"Have you a mother living?"
"Yes."
"What does she do for a living?"
"Works in the mill."
"How many brothers and sisters have you?"
"One brother and two sisters."
"Do you go to school?"
"No; mother wants me."
"Do you go to Sunday school?"
"Yes; I go to St. Theresa's."

"Oh," said we to the officer, "she can tell her story as glibly as you please." Just then, a well-dressed lady came up to us, and told the girl that her brother was crying because she did not come to him, he supposing that she was going to be taken away by the officer. The group separated, and officers, citizens and beggars went their respective ways.

Within a few minutes of eight and forty hours afterwards, and within a square of the same spot, we were accosted by the same little girl, with the same dress, and the same importunate question.

"You naughty little girl! Here you are in the street again, begging. Don't you know I saw you just round the corner there the other evening, when the police officer came up? We must get you into the House of Refuge. It's the best home you can have." We were just going to turn her off with this benevolent threat, when a better mind was given to us, and we said, "Well, now, little girl, you must go home, and we will go with you, and if your story is true, it will be better for you than all the pennies you will get by standing here."

She seemed at first to doubt whether there was not some plan to arrest her or get her into trouble. But upon a plain assurance that we felt kindly towards her, she quickened her steps, and we proceeded towards her home. Street after street was passed, till we came to a part of the city which was unlighted for two or three squares. Every now and then, she would say something about her father or some of the children, or about the distance.

"May-be we shall find my father dead, for the doctor said, this morning, that he guessed he wouldn't live till night. My brother knows how to read right well. He goes to night school. We have got a baby, but it doesn't live to home, 'cause mother has to work in the mill, and couldn't take care of it."

So the child talked, now and then running a few steps to keep up with our rapid walk. Perhaps it was half an hour or more before we arrived at the house. It was a decent brick tenement. The outer door was open. The child went through the lower room, where a family was at supper, and without stopping to speak or look, she hastened up the dark flight of stairs. The people below lighted us up the first stairs, and the girl had opened the door of the room in the third story, where her home was, and this gave a dim light of the rest of the way. We entered the chamber, the little girl gazing at us as much as to say, "Now look about you and see if I deserved to be turned off with a scolding."

It was a most wretched and forlorn apartment, perhaps ten or twelve feet square—not more—and comfortless in every sense of the term. On the bed a man was lying, wasted to a skeleton, and in the last gasps of mortal life. His wife sat on the side of the bed, holding his hand, and now and then wetting his parched lips. Two children were lying on what they called their bed, upon the floor. The little girl who came in with us stood silently watching the issue of the visit to which she had been accessory, and her brother, who had followed us into the room, stood motionless by her side. The man had been dying all day. He was now almost unconscious.

Upon inquiry we learned that he had been an industrious and peaceable man, but had at times indulged the appetite for strong drink. The wife had not done a stroke of work for a week. She works in the mill ten hours a day, and gets twelve dollars a month. Five of this goes to pay the nurse of her infant and two to pay the rent of her room, leaving five for the support of a family of six children for thirty days! And now a part even of this pitance is taken for medicine, and all her odd hours are spent in attending upon a dying husband. Three dollars must furnish food, clothing, fuel, etc., for such a family for the month now passing.

"Well, now your husband is about to be taken from you, what will you do with these children? Let me advise you to apply to the 'Children's Home,' which is not far from you, for two of them, at least."

"Why," said she, "I was thinking I could get a place for this boy with me in the mill, and the girl could take care of the little ones."

So we saw the mother had already been revolving the subject in her mind, and that she had a home feeling which it would not be easy to sacrifice.

We left her with a little token of our sympathy, that she might have the means of getting a loaf or two of bread, and perhaps a little wine and water to moisten the dying man's parched lips. But a city missionary, who is familiar with the habits and trials of this class of our population, expressed strong doubts if it was applied to any such end. We were credibly informed that there was an expensive "wake" on the evening of the poor man's death, and not less than six carriages followed his remains to the grave!

Here there was revealed to us, 1. The pressure of the necessity which forced the little girl into the streets as a beggar. "What else can I do?" said the woman, and her voice broke out as she said, "It is the only way I can keep them from starving."

How shall such a case be wisely reached? How shall such extreme, deplorable poverty be effectually relieved? How shall such inconsistency be effectually rebuked and corrected? Some might say: "It is a plain case for the benevolent interference of the proprietor of the mill. Let him pay the poor woman for her lost time, and assume her rent." But he has ten or twenty hands, perhaps, who would present claims for consideration quite as meritorious in their own view and that of their friends. He can only pay them fair wages as they are earned, and let them stand in their lot.

What was wanted in this particular case and at the particular juncture to which we have referred, was something for the sustenance of the family while the woman was detained from labor. If we could also provide good homes for her children without violating parental sympathy, it would seem to be for their ultimate good. We made several inferences from this street incident and its consequences, such as

1. That where there is not clear evidence of imposition, every case of solicitation of alms should be investigated by somebody.

2. The precariousness of the means of living from day to day which a large part of the laboring population possess.

3. The indispensableness of house-to-house visitation to understand the true condition of the poor, and

4. The crushing tax which superstition, ignorance and custom combine to impose upon them.—*Journal of Prison Discipline.*

THE LITTLE REDCAPS OF KERLEAU.

A BRETON TALE.

IN a corner of the courtyard of the old castle of Kerleau may be seen the crumbling stone statue of a peasant, which has stood there for many ages.

In the days when good Christians reached heaven by faith and good works, Satan was forced to exercise his wits to draw them into his snares; he was, therefore, much more frequently to be seen among men at that time than he is now (for in these days he has no need to come to us, as we of our own accord go to him). But whatever forethought he might exercise, and whatever pains the evil spirit might take, his most carefully prepared plots would sometimes fail, even when brought to bear upon the simple ones.

There was, then, at that time, in the Commune of Eleven, a poor peasant, named Laurent; he was a widower, and had no other possession in the world than a beautiful daughter, the pearl of the country, who went by the name of fair Jeannette; but though the love of money was then less prevalent than it is now, no one envied the good man his treasure, and none of the lads of the parish, though they were always delighted at an opportunity of dancing with Jeannette, and paid her fine compliments, ever thought of marrying her.

"Ah! if I had but a good farm," said poor Laurent to himself, "I'd make Jeannette worth being looked after by the best lads in the Commune; but with the poor wages of a day laborer, how can I put anything aside? If the Count of Largoët would only give me some assistance, I would clear some of his land for him, and we should both be gainers by the bargain."

Hunger, they say, brings the wolf out of the forest; and father Laurent, having laid all the plans, paid a visit to the castle of Largoët, and proposed to the Count to take a part of his land and get it into order, if he would make him a good advance.

"Very good," said the Count; "I will give you a hundred crowns, a good herd of cattle, and all the tools you want; but by this time three years you must have cleared and planted and hedged all the land that is allotted to you."

Thoroughly delighted with his bargain, Laurent confidently set to work. He built a cottage for himself and his daughter, and stalls for the cattle; for in those days, with a hundred crowns, a great many stones could be put one upon another.

When once they were lodged, the good man engaged laborers, who cut ditches, ploughed the land, and sowed a great field, while they lived the whole year upon what was borrowed. But at the expiration of twelve months, Laurent found himself far poorer than at the beginning, for he was in debt, and he had hardly any corn, as the harvest had been bad, and his laborers, who had been badly fed, and not paid at all, had all left him.

One day, when the unfortunate Laurent was digging a trench alone, and the sweat was running in streams from his brow, and his limbs were aching with fatigue, he lamented his hard lot, and, clutching his hair, cried out:

"Yes, I would, I'd give myself to the devil for a mere nothing."

"Here I am, at your service," said Satan, who was immediately at hand.

"No, no, by no means, thank you," said Laurent; "I prefer working alone."

"Well, but I'll work for you, and without wages."

"Oh, no! you never give anything for nothing," said the peasant.

"Come," said Satan, "don't go on arguing, but let's make a bargain. I pity you, for I am a good-hearted fellow, and I'll work for you for a year and a day for nothing, on the condition that you'll always supply me with work; but the very first time it fails, I——"

"You'll carry me off," said the peasant. "Well, then, I decline."

"By no means, you old idiot!" said Satan; "it isn't you I'd have, but your daughter."

"You'd have my daughter! Go along with you!" said the exasperated Laurent.

"Well, but if you always remain poor, you'll have no means of getting your daughter married."

"Well, then, let her be an old maid all her life; I don't care."

"Yes, it's possible you don't care; but how about her?"

Poor Laurent set himself to think. "There's a great sight o' work to be done here, and I shall easily employ him for a year and a day; he'll be awfully cunning if he contrives to do all I shall give him."

"Well," he said, at length, "I—"

"You refuse?" said Satan.

"No, on the contrary, I accept."

"Well, then, master, what shall I do?"

"Finish this ditch, while I go and rest."

As long as there were fields to be ploughed and sown, grass to be cut, corn to be threshed, and wagons to be built, all went on well, and they were quite at their ease; but after eight days of hard labor, there was not much left to be done, and the fear of finding nothing for his workman to do began to torment the good man, who looked at his daughter with fear and trembling. Day and night he racked his brain to find some means of occupying the activity of Satan; he lost his appetite, and he daily grew thinner and sadder.

But one morning, when he got up, he had quite lost his gloomy and morose manner, and seemed almost beside himself with joy; and when his workman came to ask for work, Laurent, in a careless manner, took him by the shoulder, and said:

"I am very well pleased with you, for you work capitally; but I don't like you to be always toiling so hard, so to-day I'm going to give you something to do that won't tire you. Just go and fetch a fork out of the stable, and I'll meet you in the yard."

So while he was gone to the stable to fetch the fork, Laurent went up into the loft, and emptied down into the yard a great sack of wheat, and then coming to the door when Satan returned, he said:

"Just throw me up this wheat with your fork, and I'll measure it into the sack."

So the devil set to work, plunging his fork again and again into the heap of wheat, without picking up a single grain.

"Confound it!" he cried out, with an oath, "what dog's work have you given me here?" and he leaned upon his fork in despair.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Laurent, "if you won't do my work, you can go and get some elsewhere, for I'm not going to feed you for nothing! Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I understand," growled Satan, furious at being thus outwitted. "I will leave you, but I'll have my revenge some day." And he disappeared.

A short time after this, a foreigner having bought this land, which the devil had put into such good condition, built upon it the castle of Kerleau, the ruins of which are still standing, and Laurent, now become a rich man, having no longer any difficulty in marrying his daughter Jeannette, was making preparations for her nuptials with a rich young farmer. He was anxious to have a magnificent wedding, and determined that everything should be in the best style: so he bought the finest cloth that could be found, and selected the most renowned tailor in the country to make the clothes. The tailor's name was Nicholas, and he did his work in a manner that no one could understand. He was seen to cut out the cloth, but no one ever saw him sewing: however, the clothes which were intrusted to him were always well made, were strongly sewed, and were always finished by the day on which he had promised them. As soon as he had taken the measure, he cut out the cloth, put the pieces into a box, and then went out to smoke and drink at a tavern. Some said that Nicholas was a wizard, but a great many said that he had sold himself to the devil, and they were not far from the mark; for when Satan knew that Nicholas had been sent for to Kerleau to make the wedding clothes, he came to him and said:

"I have got to have my revenge upon that fellow Laurent, and I reckon upon your doing me a good turn; now you must give me his daughter, or it will be the worse for you! Do you understand me, you tippler?"

"All right," said the tailor. "But how and when shall I deliver Jeannette to you?"

"Oh, I leave you to the choice of the means; but as you are going to Kerleau to-morrow, to-morrow I must have Jeannette. Now I warn you not to fail."

So the next day Nicholas was at Kerleau, and began to cut out the cloth early in the morning, when suddenly he said to Jeannette, who was watching him:

"Good gracious! what a bother! I'm pulled up short for want of my tools. I've left my box behind me, and I can't get on for want of it."

"Oh, never mind," said the girl, "I'll go and fetch it for you."

"You're no end of a good girl, Jeannette," said the tailor; "here's my key; you'll find the box on the board just beneath the window. But mind you don't open it, or you'll meet with a misfortune."

"No, no, ease your mind on that score," said Jeannette. "I won't open it." And she ran off.

When she had got the box, she put it under her arm, and carried it carefully without venturing even to look at it. Presently she thought she heard something inside it—yes, there it was again; a regular whispering, a tittering, and what a queer clatter—what an odd noise it is. "I wonder whether I could see through the keyhole;" so she took the key out. "Bother! I can't see anything—the box must be double. If I were to open it—only a little bit? No, that won't do, Nicholas told me that there would be some accident if I did. However, it was only to frighten me that he said so! He's a cunning fellow, and does not want his secret to get wind. It's all nonsense; what could happen if I did just look into it? If there is an animal inside, it can't eat me, for it's not as big as I am."

Reasoning thus, Jeannette, who was then in the middle of a wide common, gently opened the lid of the box about an inch, but no sooner had she done this, than a whole host of little dwarfs—not so large as your thimble, each with a little red cap upon his head—leapt to the ground, and dancing around her, shrieked at the top of their voices:

"Some work, mistress; some work!"

Jeannette stood quite stupefied, with her mouth open, and looking at the little men as they gambolled about her. But at this demand for work, she thought she was lost unless she could satisfy them; so she cried out:

"Come, little red caps, pull up all the brushwood on the common."

So they immediately began to pull up all the tufts of broom, and in an instant the whole common was cleared.

"Some work, mistress, some work!" they cried again.

"Make a great pile of the tufts you have pulled up," said Jeannette. And they made a heap as high as an oak.

"Some work, mistress, some work!" said they again.

"Now, my little men," said Jeannette, "climb up to the top of this pile and jump down into the box." Whereupon they clambered up to the top and leapt lightly down. As soon as the last was in the box, Jeannette double-locked it, and ran with it as hard as she could to the tailor.

So Nicholas took all the pieces of cloth which he had cut, and stuck needles and thread into them, and then opened his box to give them to his dwarfs to sew; but at the sight of the little men, who stretched out their hands, thoroughly stained green, he cried out:

"What have you been doing, Jeannette, with my little men, that they have made their hands so dirty?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I am sorry to say that, in running back as fast as I could, I let the box slip, and all the poor little men fell upon the grass, and when I picked them up I forgot to wash their hands."

"Ah! Jeannette," said the tailor, "you are very fortunate to have fared no worse."

"Well, never mind," she answered, "and as your little men are hard at work, come and taste our cider."

So Nicholas drank hard all day to drown his vexation, and at night he could scarcely get up to his room. However, when he was there, he opened his box, and the dwarfs all jumped out and cried:

"Some work, master; some work!"

"Carry me down into the yard," said Nicholas, "I want some fresh air, and my legs won't carry me." So they took him down and placed him on the ground, saying, again:

"Some work, master; some work!"

"Always that same accursed song!" said Nicholas. "Well, pick up all the chips that the stone-masons have been making."

So the little redcaps filled every corner of the yard, and soon made a heap of all the chips, then they ran back to Nicholas again, saying:

"Some work, master; some work!"

But Nicholas was snoring, and when they had half awoke him, all that he could say was: "Go to the devil."

At these words the little demons carried off the unhappy tailor, placed him on the heap of grit and chips which they had collected, rolled him again and again in it, and rubbed it into him till it reached his very marrow, and he became stone. And then they placed him under that turret, where he stands to this day.—*Once a Week.*

RANSOM'S PICTURE OF JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of The Utica Morning Herald.

AN event, expected for some time past among the interested, came off yesterday at the City Hall. I refer to the private exhibition of Louis Ransom's picture of "John Brown going to the scaffold."

This work is every way noble, and it will undoubtedly receive the approbation of the lovers of art, and the admiration of the community. The great tragedy which this picture in part portrays, is so recent that it is difficult to estimate the artist's effort with justice. The first impression on entering the room is one of awe and astonishment. The subject is so exalted that you have already expected that a good production will be the result of a text so prolific; but you have not conceived it possible that a work so classical in composition and so masterly in all its arrangements could be called by the creative power of art from even the rich material of which this is composed. You are not disappointed in the picture falling below your conception, but are gratified with the elevation of the artist's thought, which you feel must ever after in your memory impart form and life to the event he so happily illustrates. There is a solemnity serene and almost ominous in the production. You feel as though something terrible was concealed behind those lofty figures, which every instant is liable to be discovered by a change in their position. As a composition intended to illustrate a portion of our country's history, I can imagine nothing more completely in harmony with its theme. While every figure is depicted in motion, the repose of the whole is as impressive as the grandest solitudes. There is a calm grandeur in the central figure—*pose*, expression, everything indicates that the enthusiasm of an idea bears the doomed man far above the bayonets and scaffold now bursting on his view. Let no one imagine that this picture, more than any other production of genius, can be comprehended at a glance. Study it, if you would appreciate its merits.

John Brown occupies the centre of the canvas, standing, as the artist informed us, 6 feet 4 inches in height, being 6 inches taller than life. With a truly masterly skill the banner of Virginia is made to wave behind him in such a manner as to form a halo around his head, and by the keenest sarcasm the escutcheon is displayed with the device, an armed Liberty trampling on a slain tyrant, and the motto, "*Sic Temper Tyrannis*"; it is carried by a dwarfish man who has a most brutal visage, and who is in the act of pushing a defenceless woman from the prison steps. The continental in the background needs